

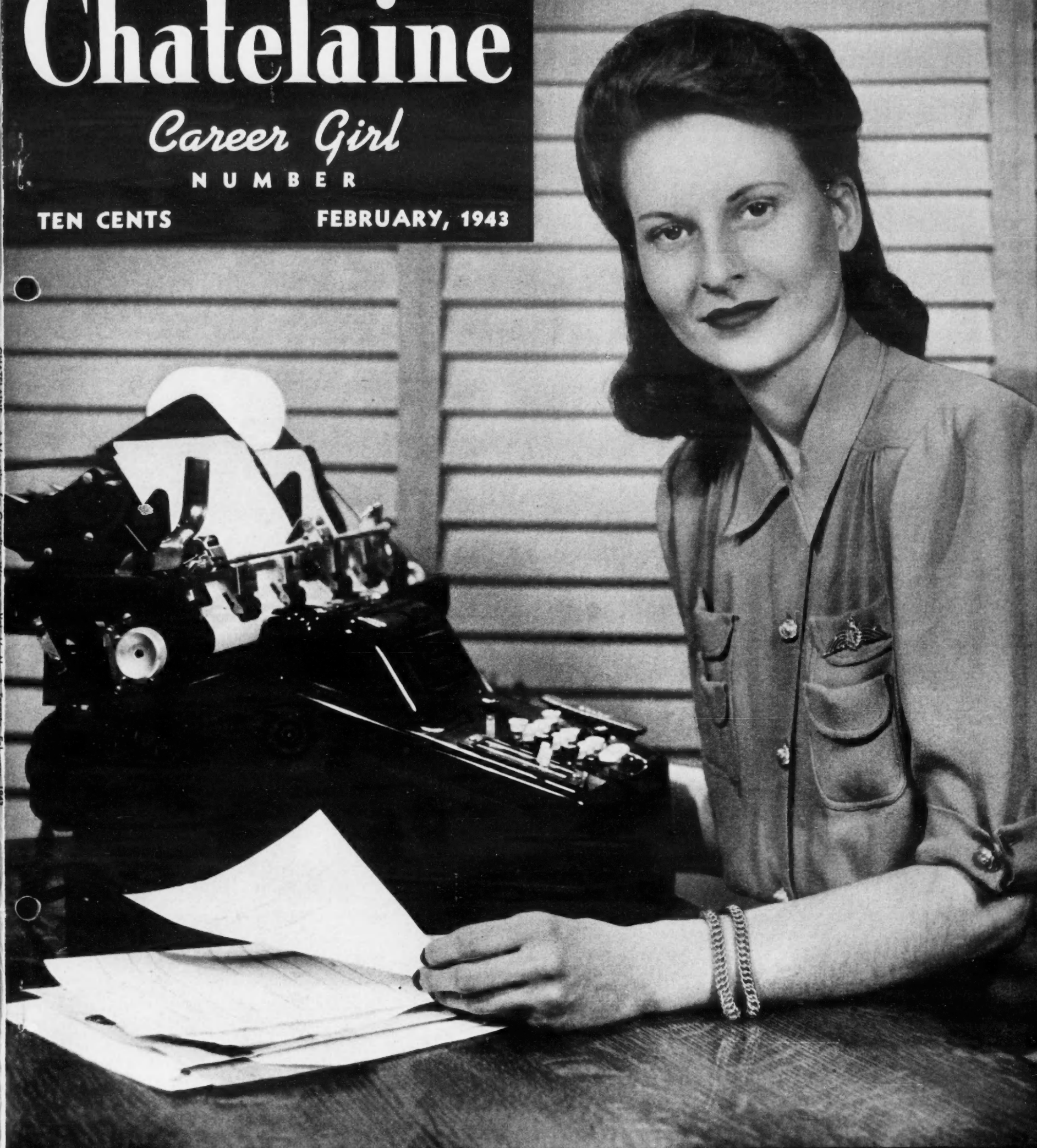
Chatelaine

Career Girl

NUMBER

TEN CENTS

FEBRUARY, 1943



Add Your Bit Daily—BUY WAR SAVINGS STAMPS

"Kay, you're a Whiz with a Traction Splint—

But your smile needs

'First Aid' too!"



"You baffle me, Kay Hunt. You know your first-aid book from cover to cover. But you haven't learned to care for your own smile. Here you go ignoring 'pink tooth brush.' No wonder your evenings are lonely—men don't 'fall' for a dingy smile!"

"Your victim is right, Miss Hunt! Bright, sparkling smiles depend largely on firm, healthy gums. And today's foods just don't give gums the strengthening work they need. Even grade school children nowadays have regular drills in gum massage."



"Here's a sound suggestion: Massage your gums each time you brush your teeth. Massage helps to give them the stimulation they need for health." (Note: A recent national survey shows that dentists prefer Ipana for their own use 2 to 1 over any other dentifrice.)



"Do I feel sheepish—having to be told about 'pink tooth brush.' Well, it wasn't too late for Ipana and massage. I'm using it daily for the benefit of my smile. Already my teeth seem to be brighter, more sparkling—my gums firmer. My new smile is on the way!"



And sure enough, one evening after duty...



(Kay to herself as hearts go AWOL.) "Did Ipana Tooth Paste help me to be a hit! I can thank this new-found smile of mine for winning me a military escort and a naval convoy. My first-aiding friends and my dentist have enlisted my eternal gratitude. And as for Ipana and massage—I'm using it as regularly as reveille from this day on!"

Help keep gums firmer, teeth brighter—smiles more sparkling with Ipana and massage!

WHEN YOU SEE a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush, don't delay—make a date to see your dentist at once. He may simply tell you that your gums are lazy—grown weak and sensitive because today's soft, creamy foods have robbed them of the exercise they need for health. And like so many dentists today, he may very likely suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana Tooth Paste is specially designed not only to clean teeth thoroughly

but, with massage, to promote better health for the gums. Each time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums. You'll notice an invigorating "tang"—exclusive with Ipana and massage—that indicates that circulation is speeding up within the gum tissues—helping to make the gums firmer and stronger.

Start now to make Ipana and massage a daily habit and help yourself to firmer, healthier gums, brighter, sparkling teeth—a more inviting smile!



A Product of Bristol-Myers — Made in Canada

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

SAYS HEDY LAMARR



HEDY LAMARR, STARRING IN THE M-G-M PRODUCTION, "DRAGON SEED"

"Let my Glamour Dust Glorify You"

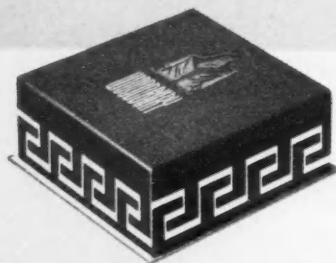
"ITS NAME IS Woodbury Powder. And I say it's just the sheerest, smoothest powder that ever came out of a box. My new Woodbury Rachel shade gives my ivory-toned complexion the creamy, gardenia look directors and cameramen rave about."

Of course they do, Hedy Lamarr! And Woodbury plays no favorites. Working with Hollywood directors, Woodbury discovered just 5 complexion types.

Then by a new process—Color Control—Woodbury created the perfect powder shade for each.

What a gorgeous glow your shade gives the tints in your complexion! Woodbury Powder is like the fragrant veil of loveliness—a subtle flattery that clings softly for hours and hours.

Find your shade of Woodbury Powder. Only 50¢, 25¢, 16¢. Wear it for the man whose compliments mean the world to you.



WOODBURY
Color Controlled powder



Type Chart in Each Powder Box tells you which shades of Powder, Rouge and Lipstick are most flattering for you. Woodbury Rouge gives a more velvety, natural effect. Woodbury Lipstick has a luscious new satin-smoothness. Try your matching shades of Woodbury Powder, Rouge, Lipstick today.

\$\$\$ YOUR Hard-Earned MONEY

By Lillian D. Millar

DO YOU run out of cash before pay day comes around, and then have to skimp on lunches or borrow to keep going? Do you find, to your utter amazement and confusion, that within a short time of receiving your pay envelope most of your money has disappeared and that it is difficult to recall just where, how and why it went?

Lack of a plan of spending is likely the cause of your trouble. You wouldn't try to make a dress without a pattern, yet to spend money to advantage without a plan to guide you is just as difficult. In fact, dressmaking and budgeting are very much alike. In both, the first necessity is to have a definite plan to follow. In one this plan is called a pattern, in the other, a budget.

You should choose a pattern to fit the material you have available. When you have a small amount of material you must choose a simple pattern, without frills or pleats. When you have a small income, you have to simplify your spending accordingly.

A Pattern for Spending

Before you use your pattern you must adjust it to fit you. You may have to let it out in one spot and take it in somewhere else before it's right. So, too, a budget is personal and has to be fitted to your own particular circumstances and needs. A girl at the next desk earning the same salary may be able to spend more than you can on clothes or recreation. She may live at home and pay less for board, or she may room close enough to the office to be able to walk and thus save car fare.

The next step is to cut out your dress. Before you start, you place all pieces of the pattern on your goods to see that you have enough material, and also to find the most economical arrangement of the pattern. Likewise, a good budget brings together your expenditures for at least a year and then fits them all into your income. It looks ahead to see that you will need a new winter coat next fall and then plans so that you will have the money ready to buy it.

But it isn't enough to cut out your dress. To be of any use to you, it must be put together according to instructions on the pattern, then fitted and finished. Making up a budget is only the beginning. It is of little value if you don't follow it. Moreover, it has to be constantly reviewed and altered to fit every change in your income or in the amount you must spend.

Take a Long-range View

Now, how do you go about preparing a budget? If you have never kept one, the best plan is to try to find out how you now spend your money. A ready-made budget will guide you. On the following page we show sample budgets for four incomes. Use divisions in these budgets, or any other headings you may prefer, and try to estimate what you spend.

Board, lunches and car fare will be easy. Then, you know how much is deducted from your salary for income tax, unemployment insurance and war savings.

Your clothing budget will be harder, for some articles are worn for two or even three years. Take each item separately and try to estimate the approximate cost. If a winter coat for which you pay \$60 is worn for three years, the yearly cost is \$20.

Perhaps \$7.50 goes into your budget for a \$15 afternoon dress which lasts two years. Then there are smaller items bought several times during the year—stockings, for example. Calculate approximately how many pairs you use and the average price. When you know your total yearly outlay for clothing, divide by fifty-two to get the amount you must put aside every week to cover it.



A little earnest concentration now will mean purchases without pain three months from now, and money in the bank at the end of '43.

If, as soon as you receive your salary, you pay your board, buy your week's car fare and put your church money in your envelope, you will have provided for the essentials and can spend the balance with a free conscience. The \$1.59 needed to buy stockings and pay for shampoo should be kept separately so that you will not spend it for anything else.

A Planned Economy Does It

You should establish a private little check-up system to make sure you're not overspending the amount budgeted for any item. If you don't want to buy a personal budget book, a simple way to keep track of this is to use a double page of a notebook for each item. On the left-hand page put down amounts set aside, and on the right-hand page what you buy and amounts spent. For clothing, the \$15 sample budget would show February 1, \$2 on left, and February 3, stockings 79 cents on right-hand page. In this way you can see at any time what you have spent and how much is held in reserve for future needs.

Study These Sample Budgets

Week's Wages	\$15.00	\$18.00	\$20.00	\$25.00
Expenditure Budget:				
*Board	\$7.00	\$7.50	\$7.50	\$8.50
*Lunches	.50	.50	.50	1.25
Streetcar or bus fares	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00
Clothes, cleaning, repairing	2.00	2.70	2.75	3.30
Personal care, toilet articles, etc.	.59	.65	.75	.75
Recreation, candy, cigarettes, etc.	1.00	1.14	1.20	1.25
Holidays	.25	.30	.40	.65
Medical, dental care, medicines, etc.	.25	.35	.45	.60
Church, community welfare	.25	.35	.45	.60
Christmas and other gifts	.20	.25	.30	.40
Income tax; compulsory savings:				
Deducted from salary	1.07	1.97	2.57	3.80
Balance payable Sept., 1943, (est.)	.15	.30	.33	.60
Unemployment insurance	.24	.24	.30	.30
Savings	.50	.75	1.50	2.00
	\$15.00	18.00	\$20.00	\$25.00

* In budgets of \$15, \$18 and \$20, it is assumed that lunches are brought from home. The small item under lunches covers cost of milk, tea, coffee or possibly a dessert bought each day. In \$25 budget, board covers two meals only for five working days.

"Why spank the child for something he can't help?"



1. I just couldn't see that "spanking some sense into our child" — as my husband put it—was doing any good! We had the same scene every time Bobby needed a laxative. He'd scream that he "hated that bad-tasting stuff" . . . just *wouldn't* take it . . .



2. So I finally persuaded my husband it *couldn't* be the child's fault. Jim admitted the laxative *was* pretty bad-tasting. "Then," I said, "why don't I call our doctor and see if we can't find a better solution than spanking?"



3. "There!" I said, after phoning, "the doctor says it's wrong to 'force' medicine on a child. It can upset his whole system, and may do more harm than good. He suggested I try a pleasant-tasting laxative—Castoria.



4. "You see," I went on, "he told me Castoria is made *especially* for children. It's safe and gentle, he said, yet it's effective for children from babyhood to 10 years old. I'm going to get a bottle this very day."



5. Our druggist recommended the money-saving Family Size. "At this time of year," he said, "when colds are prevalent, there's apt to be more need for a laxative. And, for children, Castoria is the *right* laxative."



6. Well, the next time Bobby needed a laxative, we gave him Castoria. We explained it was a "new kind" . . . and Bobby took it and *loved* it. Since then, as Jim puts it, we've been just "one big happy family."

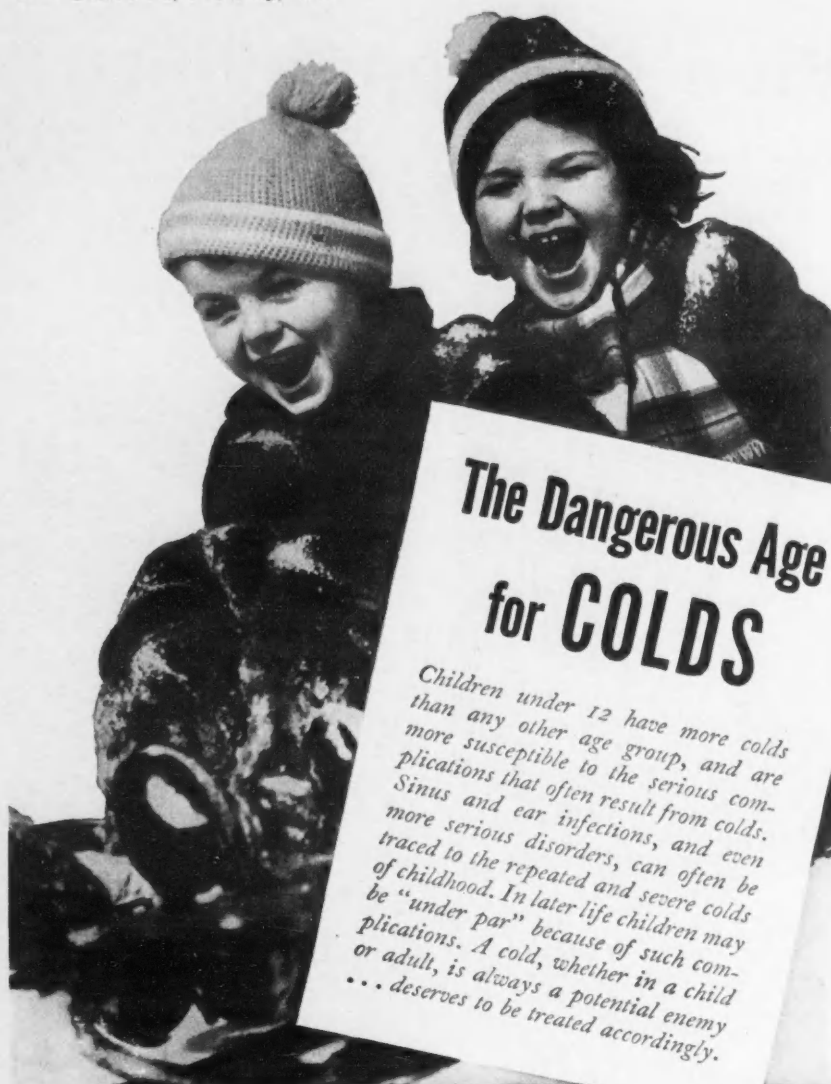
CASTORIA

The **SAFE** laxative made especially for children.



As the medical profession knows, the chief ingredient in Castoria—senna—has an excellent reputation in medical literature.

Research has proved that senna works mostly in the lower bowel, so it rarely disturbs the appetite or digestion. In regulated doses senna produces easy elimination and almost never gripes or irritates.



The Dangerous Age for COLDS

Children under 12 have more colds than any other age group, and are more susceptible to the serious complications that often result from colds. Sinus and ear infections, and even more serious disorders, can often be traced to the repeated and severe colds of childhood. In later life children may be "under par" because of such complications. A cold, whether in a child or adult, is always a potential enemy... deserves to be treated accordingly.

New Light on the Importance of Antiseptic Gargle in Combating Colds

Unfortunately there is no known preventive for the Common Cold in children or in adults. Certainly Listerine Antiseptic is not such a specific. Yet careful tests, made over an 11-year period on human "guinea pigs", have proved that this safe, refreshing germicide is often a remarkably effective aid.

Fewer Colds in Tests

In these tests, regular twice-a-day users of Listerine Antiseptic had fewer colds and fewer sore throats than non-users. Moreover, when colds and sore throats did develop among Listerine users, they were usually milder in character and disappeared more quickly.

The explanation for this success, we believe, is found in Listerine's quick germ-killing action. Listerine spreads over mouth and throat surfaces; it kills millions of threatening germs on these surfaces known as the "secondary in-

vaders" which, when body resistance is lowered, may invade the tissue and set up or aggravate infection.

In other words, it attacks these germs before they attack you. Note Listerine Antiseptic's record:

Outstanding Germ Reductions

Tests showed germ reductions on mouth and throat surfaces ranging up to 96.7%, even 15 minutes after the Listerine Antiseptic gargle, and up to 80% one hour later. You can see the importance of using Listerine at the first hint of trouble.

Listerine Antiseptic may not *always* keep you or your child from catching colds. It may not *always* lessen the severity of a cold. Yet we think you will agree, in the light of the above record, that Listerine Antiseptic is a precaution deserving of your most serious consideration.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO. (CANADA) LTD.

Listerine Antiseptic for oral hygiene



Pneumococcus Type III, Pneumococcus Type IV, Streptococcus Viridans, Friedlander's Bacillus, Streptococcus Hemolyticus, Bacillus Influenzae, Micrococcus Catarrhalis, Staphylococcus Aureus.

THE "SECONDARY INVADERS"

Above are some types of "secondary invaders", millions of which may exist on the mouth and throat surfaces. They may cause no harm until body resistance is lowered when they may invade the tissue and set up or aggravate the troublesome aspects of the infection you call a cold. You can see how important it is to attack

them before they get the upper hand.

Note How Listerine Reduced Germs

Actual tests showed reductions of bacteria on mouth and throat surfaces ranging up to 96.7% fifteen minutes after the Listerine Antiseptic gargle, and up to 80% one hour after the Listerine gargle.

MADE IN CANADA

Does a Budget rear its ugly head? Uh-huh, but take a close look and you'll find it the working girl's best friend.

Continued from inside cover

Expenditures for personal care should be estimated on an annual basis to take care of the many purchases which are made only occasionally. This part of your budget might look something like this:

	Per Year	Per Week
Shampoo, every three weeks, 75c		.25
Permanents, two a year @ \$4.00	\$8.00	
Powder, lipstick, etc.	3.00	
Soap, toothpaste, etc.	1.75	
Tissues, etc.	4.50	.40
Creams, sundries	3.55	
Total		.65

It must be remembered that only ninety per cent of your income tax is deducted from your salary and that the balance will have to be paid next September. In our sample budgets, income tax has been divided to show portion deducted from salary and estimated amount which must be put aside each week to cover the balance due. When you figure this balance you will need to take into consideration any interest or other income you may have. Before computing the tax, remember to deduct amounts paid to church or charitable organizations.

When you have all your expenditures listed, scrutinize each one carefully. Is it really necessary? Can you afford it? Discard all unnecessary expenditures and then total remaining items. Do they add up to more than you earn? If so, you will need to go through your expenditures and cut down a bit here and there until you bring the total within your income. Is too much going out for one item and not enough for another? If you check your expenditures in each division with our sample budgets, it may show how some of yours are out of proportion.

Add Up the Bad News

After you have made up your budget, comes the acid test—sticking to it. You cannot make it work unless you keep a record of what you spend and also have some system which will ring a bell when you go beyond the amount allotted to each item. You will have to work out your own system of records.

Think it over for a moment. Doesn't your money fall into three parts? 1. That deducted from your salary. 2. Money which must be put aside for future spending. 3. Money for current needs.

The first presents no problem, for you never receive it and, therefore, cannot spend it. All that is necessary is to keep a record of amounts deducted. Let us follow through the \$15 sample budget. Into this Part 1 would go: Income tax, \$1.07; unemployment insurance, 24 cents; and war savings, 50 cents. A total of \$1.81.

One of the easiest ways to keep money which must be put aside for the future is to deposit in a separate bank account all that is not required for the current week. In the sample budget this would include the following:

Income tax, balance	.15
Personal care	.59
Medical, dental, etc.	.25
Christmas and other gifts	.20
Community welfare	.10
Clothes	2.00
Holidays	.25
Total	\$3.54

From this amount is deducted the amount needed for the week, say one pair of stockings at 79 cents, and a shampoo at 75 cents. This leaves \$2 to be deposited.

The balance of your salary is required for current needs. These include the following items:

Board	\$7.00
Lunches	.50
Car fare	1.00
Recreation	1.00
Church	.15
Total	\$9.65

Evie

AND THE WAR EFFORT

*She's a sort of earth-bound gremlin,
is Evie—a pixie child who is always
underfoot or in everybody's hair . . .
But you'll enjoy knowing her!*

By FRANCES SHIELDS



Maudie kept yelling I was making her black and blue, which was silly, because I was following the instructions.

LATE IN THE afternoon, when I couldn't think of anything better to do, I started practicing artificial respiration on Maudie Travers, who is fat. She kept yelling I was making her black and blue, which was silly, because I was following the instructions in father's first-aid notes which he uses to lecture to people who want to be useful in case anyone attacks Laurenceville.

Maudie squawked louder and I let her up, and she sat huffing and puffing, getting her breath back.

"Oh, come on," I said, "let's skate over to the plant and watch the men come out. There's nothing to do around this dump. Sometimes I think my family might just as well not have had me, for all the attention they give me. We're not even going up to the cabin at all this summer."

"Why not?" said Maudie, who is sort of dumb, besides being fat.

"Because of the war, silly. And everybody being so wrapped up in what they're doing. Do you see the sense of wasting a whole year in school if you don't have a decent vacation to make up for it?"

"I like school," Maudie said. "And I don't want to skate. It's too hot."

"For Pete's sake, you never feel like anything. Everybody else in Laurenceville is up to their necks in work and you don't feel like skating."

"Oh, all right," said Maudie. "You always have your way."

I went upstairs to put on my slacks, which are just like my sister Madeline's. Madeline is seventeen, but my slacks are just like hers, only mine bump more. Madeline says I will get over that.

When I came down Madeline was at the phone in the hall outside the dining room. So I stopped at the first landing.

"Is Harvey at home?" she was saying. "Oh. He isn't? No—no message. This is just a friend." She put back the receiver slowly and looked as if she was going to cry.

"Madeline's got boy trouble," I thought to myself. You'd think by her age a person would have enough sense not to worry about things like boys, but, of course, this is none of my business. The only boy I

like is my brother Bill because he treats me as if I were human and grown-up, but Bill is with the Army being trained. A vacation with Bill is really something. He is the best swimmer and fisher I ever saw. But, of course, now there is this war.

Madeline jumped a little when she saw me.

"Hello, baby," she said, "what are you doing indoors on a beautiful day like this?"

I have been asking my family for ages not to call me "Baby." It is very embarrassing to have people look around for a six-months-old infant when I am addressed.

"I am on my way now," I said, and she smiled sort of weakly and went upstairs.

Maudie and I skated out to the big plant in time to see the day shift come out. They are working three shifts at the plant. There are an awful lot of new faces in Laurenceville these days, and every house is jammed, which is interesting.

Mr. Thomas, who is an old friend of ours, came out and stopped to speak to us.

"Well, Miss Drake," he said, "I've just had news.



PEACETIME ENERGY QUOTA
At least 2 slices
of bread a meal

WARTIME ENERGY QUOTA
At least 3 slices
of bread a meal



IN WARTIME eat one more slice of bread each meal!

IT'S AS SIMPLE AS THAT. If you were behind a desk in 1942, six slices of bread a day were enough.

If you are drilling holes for rivets in 1943—it's **not** enough.

If you are still behind a desk but working overtime at night—it's still **not** enough.

You are spending more energy . . . you need more energy-food. And Bakers' Bread is your best and cheapest source.

The nutritious bread that your baker makes and sells for so little is almost solid energy. There is no waste in the kitchen—

no shells, no rind, no bone, no fat. It doesn't "cook away."

There is no waste in the body—every bread crumb is easily digested and assimilated. There is no residue of roughage for the body to get rid of.

And unlike other carbohydrates, bread produces *lasting* energy. That's why you say, "it sticks to your ribs."

Bread is almost solid energy. Cut it to fit your job!

Make your wartime energy quota at least one more slice of bread at each meal.

BUY WARTIME ENERGY FROM YOUR BAKER

The bread your local baker supplies takes on a new importance in wartime. It is your richest and cheapest source of food-energy. And made with milk or eaten with milk it is an important source of protein for building and repairing muscle.



1/4 OF CANADA'S WARTIME ENERGY COMES FROM BREAD

Prepared by the makers of Fleischmann's Yeast as a contribution to the advancement of Canadian National Health



I lay in the road dead. Mrs. Snelley said in a high voice, "Oh my poor heart! My poor heart!"

about Mrs. Snelley, and then she paid her bill and we went out, without a word about Harvey.

I ate a cake out of the box. "Why didn't you ask about Harvey?" I said.

Mother turned and looked at me. "You're very observant, aren't you, infant? Can't we adults keep anything quiet? Anyhow it wouldn't be good strategy to have Harvey's mother prod him into calling her. And a girl's mother has her pride.

I remembered what father had said about her lassoing him, but I kept still.

"Mother," I said, "why don't you make Maddie go up to the cabin with me? It would do her a lot of good."

Mother smiled. "You're not very subtle, baby," she said. "But maybe Bill will go up on his next leave."

"He'll probably want to sleep all the time he's here," I said.

Bill has been in the Army quite a while, but he says he still cannot see why he has to get up so early. He is willing to work later in the day, he says, rather than get up so early. When he was home running his own newspaper, and was his own boss, he purposely worked on an evening edition so he could sleep later in the morning. He is running a paper in camp too, but that is extra.

Later in the day, when I was bandaging Maudie Travers according to instructions, a letter came from Bill. It said he was coming into Laurenceville the Saturday after this and was bringing his fiancée with him.

"What's a fiancée?" I said to Maudie.

"Let me see. Oh, fiancée. Something to do with money."

This did not make sense as the Army has nothing to do with money, so I looked it up in the dictionary. It said a fiancée is one who is betrothed; engaged to be married. That was ridiculous, as Bill never looks at girls. Besides, what was a girl doing in an army camp?

There was no one at home except Adelpha, so Maudie and I went into town to buy sodas. Harvey Drummond came out of the hardware store with his arms full of bundles. He looked as if he were in an awful hurry, so I got in his way and he had to stop.

"Hello, Evie," he said, "how's everybody?"

"Fine. Just fine and busy. Except Madeline."

His face got red. "What's the matter with Madeline?"

he said, not looking at me. "We really don't know. She's sort of wasting away."

"Maybe it's the weather," said Harvey, getting rushed again. "Well, so long, kids, I have work to do."

"I thought this was your vacation," I said. "What sort of work are you doing?"

Harvey blushed. "It's sort of private, Evie, if you don't mind." He stacked all his nobbly bundles in his bicycle basket and drove off.

"Come on," I said to Maudie, "let's get on our bikes and follow him. I want to see what kind of work he's doing."

We followed Harvey at a distance. I made believe he was a Nazi spy busy with some wicked work, and it was exciting following him that way.

Harvey turned in at the lake road right next to Mrs. Snelley's estate. He drove his bicycle into an old empty shack that nobody ever used. I got off my bicycle and told Maudie to stay where she was. Then I walked into the shack.

"You're trapped," I said, like in the movies.

HARVEY SPUN around and stared at me, and his face was white for a second. Then I saw in the dark shack there was an

airplane, and all around it were tools and pieces of wood and canvas. Harvey was building an airplane! "Oh, my!" I said. "Did you build that airplane yourself?"

"It's not an airplane. It's a glider," Harvey said quietly. "And it's also a secret. If you tell anyone, something unpleasant will happen to you."

He sounded angry.

"Why is it a secret? I think it's wonderful," I said. Harvey groaned. "Because my mother doesn't want me to fly and I'm going to join the Air Force when I finish another year of college. See?"

I smiled. "You can trust me, Harvey. I know everybody's secrets and they don't get around." I crossed my heart. It was a very important feeling.

Then I went back to Maudie and told her Harvey was just fixing up an old boat and he wasn't a Nazi spy after all.

"I never thought he was," Maudie said. "You get the dopicst ideas."

When I got home father was reading Bill's letter.

"My lord!" he was saying, "That boy didn't look at a girl all through his twenty-four years, and now that he's in the Army, he gets himself engaged. And he's bringing her here to look us over! How do you like that!"

"Don't get excited, Howard," mother said. "Although I agree that he might have consulted somebody first. I'm bogged down with work. And now to go through the excitement of meeting a prospective daughter-in-law? Where will we put her?"

I went on past them. I wasn't supposed to open mail not addressed to me, and I had sealed Bill's letter again and put it on the hall table. I didn't see why Bill shouldn't get engaged if it made him happy, and I felt sorry for him the way they were taking it—like an interruption in their work. Nobody cared how anybody felt. It was only the war work they were worried about.

On Friday night Mr. Thomas's house burned down after the stag party. It made the sky beautifully red, and Mr. Thomas was hopping about on the lawn in his pyjamas. Someone must have left something

lit around. The house burned down to the ground before the engines got there, and father brought Mr. Thomas, still in his pyjamas, back to our house. Mr. Thomas had saved two little footballs from the fire, and he held them to his chest and said, "Where'll I put them? They're so young."

He did not mean the footballs, of course. He meant the new babies.

Father said severely, "You should have thought of that before you threw a party. Good gravy, of all the years to throw a party!" It did not sound like father at all, but I guess he was very tired.

Mother said, "I can put you up in Bill's room until next week end, but the only thing is where will Mrs. Thomas and the children go?"

Mr. Thomas slept over that night and had to take off Saturday to look for a place. I went with him, because I was sorry for him, but there wasn't a spot to be had in Laurenceville, it was that crowded.

Poor Mr. Thomas looked awfully down in the mouth. He had a right to celebrate having twins, just as I had a right to a vacation after a whole year in school. It was not his fault some dumb bunny had forgotten to put out a cigarette. They all acted as if it was.

I had an idea. I said to mother, "Why don't you ask Mrs. Snelley to put the Thomas's up? She has that big house, and she's probably lonely all by herself."

Mother was on her way to a woman's civilian defense committee meeting and was in a rush, so she just smiled at me and said, "You ask her, infant. You'll have to employ a shock technique to get to see her." I could see mother did not think much of Mrs. Snelley.

I got out my bicycle and made Maudie ride on the handle bars, which she hates. I rode out to Mrs. Snelley's estate, and a big limousine came down the drive, practically crawling, and, as I hoped, Maudie screamed and jerked the handle bars, trying to get us out of the way, and we went right over onto the bumper of the limousine, which stopped.

I LAY IN the road, dead. Mrs. Snelley said in a high voice, "Oh, my heart. My poor heart!"

And Maudie said, "She looks awfully funny, Mrs. Snelley!"



He said, "Oh, Madeline, darling, you've come!" And I said, "Go to sleep, Harvey, my love, everything will be hunky-dory."

And then Mrs. Snelley's chauffeur came around and picked me up and put me on the back seat and drove back to the house, and all the time I kept my eyes shut.

Mrs. Snelley had the chauffeur carry me upstairs and put me on a bed, and I heard her tell him to call Dr. Drake at once.

And Maudie said, "That's Evie Drake. That's his daughter you ran over, Mrs. Snelley." Which I imagine did not do Mrs. Snelley's heart any good.

The chauffeur came back and said Dr. Drake couldn't be found and he would try to get an ambulance from the hospital. + Continued on page 23

Your daddy certainly fixed me up brown. Twins! Two boys!" He looked at my knees, which were scuffed, and he laughed, crazy-like. "Four skates. Four knees. I'm going up to the hospital to see if they want footballs yet. Oh, and tell your daddy I'm having a stag at my house Friday night to celebrate."

It was nice to see somebody so happy. I guess it's not every man who can have twins.

I DROPPED Maudie off at her house and went on home, and there was still nobody interested in me. I sat on the porch steps where father would see me when he drove up, and I looked unhappy so that he would notice and I would explain about vacation being nearly over and nothing to show for it. Father came home hot, because a doctor cannot go around in his shirt sleeves, no matter what the weather, and he did not notice I was unhappy.

"Hello, baby," he said, "all alone? Well, I'll bet you'll be glad to know Mrs. Thomas has two boys. I suppose you're wondering how I fitted both of them into my black bag?"

He was my father and I was polite, but it is pretty sickening to be treated that way when you live in a house where every second telephone conversation starts with how often are the pains coming.

"Where's everybody?" said father.

I told him Maddie was moping in her room, and mother was busy with her victory garden again, and Adelpa had busted the electric iron and father would have to fix it because the handy man had a job at the plant.

"I'll see about it later," said father. "Now I'm going to have a shower and a snooze and dinner. And then I must get back to the lab. We're getting results, Hanson and I. A little more proof and we'll be of service to our country, hey, baby?"

Father has been working on some drug experiments or something to stop infection. He is all wrapped up in them.

So that was all the attention I got from father. I went around to the back garden to see mother. She was all dirty and in a brown smock, and there was a smudge across her forehead and she was holding three tiny radishes in her hand and singing, "I Got Plenty of Nothing."

"Hello, infant," she said, "how about carting those weeds off somewhere? There's a nickel in it for you. Wasn't that your father drove up? Fine thing when a woman's husband can't say hello to her when she's been breaking her back over a hot radish all day."

"He's tired. Mrs. Thomas had twins. Gosh, I don't see why everybody is having babies these days. The hospital is so full they're having them in the halls."

Mother looked shocked. "Your father told you that?"

Evie didn't have to look far afield for her war efforts. They involved Mr. Thomas' new twins, her brother's fiancée, her sister's languishing romance and, most important of all, rich old Mrs. Snellley's immediate future . .

Illustrated by Jack Bush

"No, I mean they're putting the beds in the halls. Personally, I don't see what good babies are in winning a war."

Mother sat down on the ground and laughed her head off. She laughs at anything.

"I want to go to the cabin," I said. "I'm rotting here." That started her laughing again. I wish I had a mother with more dignity.

"Darling, there's no one to take you. I've told you that. I'm sorry." She looked at her garden. "Do you know what I think, baby? I think I'll get up a committee to ask old Mrs. Snellley to give over part of her estate for a town victory garden."

She was fooling, of course. Mrs. Snellley owns the largest place in Laurenceville, and it is very beautiful, what you can see from the outside. Mrs. Snellley keeps to herself.

"Why can't I go up to the cabin alone?" I said.

"Because you can't. But maybe raspberry shortcake for dessert will assuage your misery."

I looked up "assuage" in the dictionary. At dinner I ate three portions of shortcake and did feel more cheerful, and was about to ask for a fourth when mother suddenly noticed Madeline wasn't eating anything.

"What's the matter, dear?" mother said. "Aren't you well?"

"For heaven's sake," said Madeline. "That's the first thing anyone ever thinks of in a doctor's house. That there's something physically wrong with you."

"I don't think so," mother said. "I never get any medical attention. I tore out my lungs with a fatal cough for six weeks once before your father noticed I had a cold. And by the time he gave me the medicine I had a fresh cold, which I treated myself."

Personally, I have had too much medical attention. There were times when I'd wake up on a school day with burning fever and chills or a sick stomach, and father would examine me at once and make me get up and go to school even without my homework.

THE TELEPHONE rang, and Madeline jumped up and ran for it. She came back quickly and slumped in her chair and said, "It's only Mrs. Snellley having a heart attack again."

"I hope," father said, "that old hypochondriac isn't going to drag me out there to give her some new

pills. I don't know what I'll make her pills out of with this sugar rationing. Besides, I want to get back to the hospital."

I looked up hypochondriac in the dictionary. It said, "A person suffering from a complaint characterized by their real or supposed bodily ailments and sensations, with loss of spirits and want of feeling for others." It sounded sad.

"When you go to see her," mother said to father, "suggest to her that a victory garden might take her mind off herself."

"I might as well ask her to put some of our maternity cases in her house," father said, and they both laughed.

Father went off on his call and then to the hospital, and it was quite late when he came back. Mother and I were sitting on the front porch cooling off, and mother reminded father about the electric iron.

Father is quite handy as a doctor, but he is not so good with electrical things. He says they recognize the novice in him. Suddenly all the house and porch lights went out. Father had blown a fuse or something. He came out of the kitchen, cursing. He does not often curse, but when he does I learn a lot of new words not in the dictionary.

"I forgot to disconnect it," he said, "and it's a good thing that knife I used had a wooden handle."

Mother said all of a sudden, "It's queer, but Madeline hasn't come down to see what has happened. She's been sitting in the dark all evening, I guess."

I was going to tell them about her calling Harvey, but I stopped myself. Madeline does not like to be interfered with, and besides I am not supposed to listen in on telephone conversations.

Later mother and father came upstairs and opened the door between our rooms to let the air come through and mother said, "Howard! I think I know what's on Maddie's mind."

"Boys," said father.

"One boy. Harvey Drummond. He hasn't been around to see her since he's home from school. And I think she's crazy about him."

"She's just a kid. What does she know about love?"

"I fell in love with you when I was seventeen. Of course, if I'd been older, I'd have known better."

"Huh!" father said. "You lassoed me. With that talk of a broker's son. You scared me into a proposal."

"Are you sorry?" mother said.

"Nope," said father, yawning, "Gosh, I wish I could get a decent night's sleep without another call. And I'd like more time with Hanson. That's really big stuff. If it comes through, the Army could use it."

"You and your research," said mother. "If I weren't so busy myself, I'd feel neglected."

And then they fell asleep without another word about Madeline.

IN THE morning I went marketing with mother, because there was nothing better to do. In the fruit store we met Mrs. Drummond, Harvey's mother.

"Why don't you ask her about Harvey?"

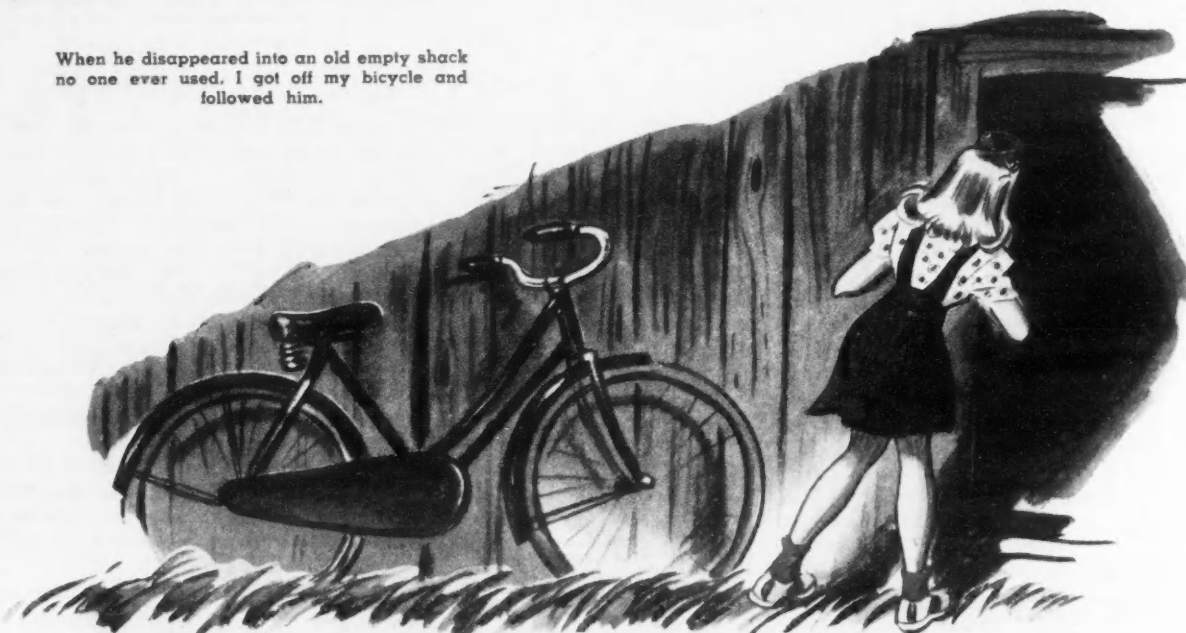
I said, pulling at mother's sleeve.

"Yes, dear, and stop eating those grapes before they've been washed. Your father's wasted a lot of breath on the subject of arsenic sprays and things."

And she went over to Mrs. Drummond and they started talking about their work at the Red Cross and the knitting machine someone had donated, and Mrs. Drummond said, "Someone ought to call on old Mrs. Snellley and get her to contribute something," and laughed in a nasty sort of way.

Mother sighed and said it was too bad

When he disappeared into an old empty shack no one ever used, I got off my bicycle and followed him.



and in whose renown all Canadians have shared with pride for the past half-century?

The answer is simple. *C'est la guerre.*

There are now some 1,800 graduate nurses serving with the armed forces in Canada, Newfoundland and overseas. In addition to this number, there are 300 staffing military hospitals in South Africa.

Viewed in the light of Canada's total population of registered nurses—approximately 23,000—this number would hardly give cause for alarm as to civilian nursing requirements at home. But the tremendous expansion of war industry has taken many private-duty nurses into plant hospitals, and, what is now causing genuine concern, has lured numerous graduates into entirely different lines of work—at machines and on assembly lines. This is still a free country and it is left to the individual's decision as to how she will contribute to the general war effort. A librarian may work in a shell-filling plant or a music teacher may apply her manual dexterity to airplane instruments. But the long training and experience of the graduate nurse in a highly specialized field of public service give her top-ranking "essentiality" in her own job.

Cupid, that mischief-maker, takes a high toll of this professional group. Thirty per cent marry within two years of graduation, which means that there must be, even in peacetime, a constant renewal of the supply from the hospital training schools.

At the moment there is a definite shortage of in-



Associated Screen News

What goes on in the test tubes? Nurses-in-training today receive a much broader and more varied course of instruction than in the old days. Here are young probationers at their first lab class.

Wanted: 5,000 New Student Nurses

structors and nurses with special preparation (post-graduate work) in the various hospitals, schools of nursing and health organizations throughout Canada. The situation has grown steadily worse in the past two years. In 1940, for instance, less than 33 per cent of such vacancies could be satisfactorily filled; in 1941, less than 20 per cent, and last year, while more graduates and more student nurses were enrolled for special university courses, the need increased in urgency month by month.

☆☆

THE NURSES themselves, as well as hospital management, the medical profession and public health authorities, are very much alive to the fact that more demands will be made upon their profession during

the next year or so. The Canadian Nurses' Association has given careful study to the problem and has recently made important recommendations, through its President, Miss Marion Lindeburgh, and its Emergency Nursing Adviser, Miss K. W. Ellis. To sum up briefly, they are:

1. The encouragement of married or "inactive" nurses to return to their profession. Refresher courses are being planned in all provinces, and special temporary permits will be granted to nurses who were eligible for registration at the time of graduation.

2. Continued use in hospitals of V. A. D.'s trained under the St. John Ambulance or the Red Cross, and also of other subsidiary nursing groups such as ward helpers.

3. An active campaign for recruits for schools of nursing, with appeals to high school pupils and college girls. Because the shortage of nurses concerns the whole Canadian public, it is hoped that women's organizations and service clubs, etc., will interest themselves in the campaign.

4. Acceleration in the present three-year nursing course. There are 174 (approved) schools of nursing in Canada, and plans are now being studied to hasten the output of graduates, while affording full protection to the public and the profession. Undergraduates may be put on a salary basis during the last six months of training.

5. The encouragement of private-duty nurses to answer calls for general + Continued on page 34



ARE YOU V.A.D. material? The Nursing Auxiliary Section of the Red Cross would like to know. This unit has started an intensive drive to enroll as many recruits as possible for duty in military and civilian hospitals.

Who are eligible? Women between the ages of 18 and 45, who have completed their First Aid and Home Nursing course and who have a doctor's certificate of good health.

There's a Job for the Volunteer, too

How many hours of work are required? It takes a minimum of two hundred hours of hospital duty to become a full-fledged V.A.D. This is spread over six weeks training, and includes night duty.

What are the uniform regulations? The V.A.D. uniform consists of a grey cotton dress with navy blue serge epaulettes and belt, also a navy blue tie. When on duty, you take off your tie and belt, wear a white apron, veil and cuffs.

What jobs can be taken on by V.A.D.'s in hospitals? Housekeeping—dusting and tidying wards and bathrooms. Bed making. Care of patients—feeding helpless patients, giving bed baths, alcohol rubs, learning to take temperatures, pulse and respiration. Looking after flowers—this takes a great deal of nurses' time. Medical nursing—knowing how to prepare plasters, poultices and compresses. Surgical nursing—learning to assist with dressings. The

cleaning and sterilizing of instruments, and so on.

What is the status of a V.A.D. in a hospital? A V.A.D. in training is comparable to a probationer and works under graduate nurses.

What about pay? While the V.A.D. is receiving her training and working for the Red Cross, she gives her services entirely free, just as in A.R.P. or any other branch of the C.D.C. Should she sign up for active military service and her application is accepted by the R.C.A.M.C., she is seconded from the Red Cross to this service. She holds no rank, but is entitled to rations and quarters, or in lieu of this, subsistence allowances laid down for officers on regimental rates of pay. She receives a small personal allowance—a laundry allowance, and on confirmation of her appointment, is granted a uniform allowance of \$100. She wears the uniform of the Red Cross in the military hospitals, but is completely under military control. +



SPOTLIGHT

on Nursing

THE heat in the operating room was oppressive. Capped and masked, the second surgeon and the suture nurse waited for me to fasten their gowns. Through the lorgnon in the door I could see a floor nurse beckoning to me to hand her a flask of sterile glucose, while the anesthetist was asking for a different mouth gag, and warning me to be ready as the patient was likely to be obstreperous.

Just then the sterilizer boiled over . . .

Next morning, in the men's surgical division, a massive steel worker, recovering from an accident, remarked as I reached his side, "Say, nurse, do you know that this is the fourth shot you've had at making my bed? Think you'll be able to stick with it this time?"

He was laughing, and I knew he had almost recovered. So I reminded him that this was wartime, and I assured him that I had not been idle. I had answered two signal lights, assisted an orderly with a helpless patient, besides ministering to a chest case who suddenly felt faint.

"Oh, nurse, you're back at last! I thought you'd never come!" The speaker was no plutocrat, clamoring for extra care. She was a young mother who works almost as hard in her own home as I do on the wards. Doing float duty on the Maternity Floor, I had been trying for an hour to get back to her with an ice-cap. During that time I had taken several telephone calls; a doctor had detained me for some minutes; and the case room, where I had been obliged to give the anesthetic, had been continuously busy. Besides this, I had helped to carry out to their mothers and back again a score of babies—each one separately—in addition to warming and nipping their complementary formulae. There were still two dozen glasses to wash and put away, the feeding bottles to scrub and boil, a dressing tray to reset and another treatment to give. And I was due off duty in twenty minutes!

All of us feel like the young and very tired night nurse who said to me recently at breakfast: "No matter how hard you try, you can't catch up with the work. And I'm wondering what my patients think of me for giving them that kind of lick-and-promise care."

☆☆

The above is an excerpt from a contribution to *Chatelaine* by one of our "Women in White," in this case a hospital nurse with twenty years experience.

What's happened to Canada's supply of nurses—those women who stood at the top of their profession,



ILLUSTRATED BY PERRY PETERSON

"I've got to get clothes for Mary. I've got to find out about a school," Callie kept saying. Hurry to fill every minute, because that was the way to get through this.

The rooms they found, after four hours of looking, were pretty bad. One big living-sleeping-eating room apiece, with a bath in between, in a sad-looking old house on the outskirts of the downtown business section. They were drab rooms with wispy lace curtains at the windows, but they were priced at a figure Callie and Peg could pay.

"As long as they're a shelter, with beds in them, what does it matter?" Peg said crisply.

"You get a good view from these big windows," the landlady told them.

Callie pushed back the curtains and looked out. Office buildings and warehouses huddled around them, and a dark blot of water out beyond—what good was

that, when it was sky that you wanted to see? Who cared about a view looking down, when it was a view looking up that mattered!

THEY MOVED into the rooms that night. The next day Callie shopped for hours, and enrolled Mary in a near-by boarding school where she would share a room with a girl just her age, on week nights.

Hurry, hurry. Callie wrote Tim, after only two weeks, "Peg and I are the busiest women in Vancouver already. Red Cross, benefits, and I'm to start work in a new emergency hospital out toward New Westminster next week. Peg's working out there now—she's really a whiz! So far neither of us have had time to think."

She finished the letter and sat with it in front of her a long time. She hadn't yet folded it when the clutter of voices outside stopped at her door.

"Hello, honey," Peg called out. "Let me in. I want to show you what brought me home from the hospital."

Callie opened the door swiftly, and then she stepped back. Peg was wearing the new, smart dress she'd bought yesterday—beige, with red. Red gloves and bag, a tricky red hat. There were two men behind her, one of them big and dark, the other brown-haired, brown-eyed, smiling.

"Callie Dorley, may I present two of the outstanding volunteer men on the new hospital staff?" Peg's voice was bright, brittle. "Doctor Michael Ross on my right—Stanley Sturret, chemical expert, on my left."

The brown-haired man in the leather jacket laughed easily. "Stan is the name," he said. He held out his hand. "How are you, Miss Dorley?"

Callie gave him her hand for a brief moment. "It's Mrs. Dorley," she said.

Stan Sturret looked down at her. "I beg your pardon, Mrs. Dorley." There was no mockery in his voice, only wonder. "And now tell me, where did you come from?"

"Up North," Callie said. "Near the Alaskan border, above Skagway."

Stan's eyes took in Callie's new slim suit—softly becoming, and not at all smart—her dark warm coloring, her smooth short hair. "So that's what Alaska does to a woman — God bless it!"

Stan and Michael didn't stay long. They talked of the hospital project, the enormous amount of work involved. They laughed at the straight-backed chairs Peg rounded up for them to sit on.

"Suites for fliers' wives aren't exactly lavish, here in Vancouver," Peg said. The men laughed, but Peg wasn't laughing.

"Callie, don't look at me like that!" she flung out, when Stan and Michael had gone. "It was nothing so terrible, was it? They were pleasant and friendly. I was tired. I needed that ride home—"

She pulled off her tricky hat, wearily. "They were—somebody to talk to!"

"Yes, I know," Callie said, low. And then she caught herself. "Peg, I think we ought to start some of the evening Red Cross things—"

"They don't have much on week-end nights," Peg said. She was pushing her dark hair back with fingers that weren't very steady. "This is Friday. And tomorrow will be Saturday—and Saturday night. Did you know?"

She turned away then, toward the door that led to her own room. "But you did know, of course. I forgot. Mary will be coming tonight, for the week-end, won't she? You see, Callie, you have—Mary."

YES, CALLIE had Mary. She felt heartsick with guilt that she had shut Peg out of those busy week-end hours with Mary, the Saturday and Sunday before.

The next day she made Peg join them. They ate their meals out. They went to a show, they took a sight-seeing bus. They rushed to get in as many things as they could, and Mary said to Callie that night, "Gosh, mother, Vancouver must be the biggest place in the world. I get all mixed up in it. I'm glad school is so little and all in one place."

"You really like school, darling?" Callie said.

"Mother, it's super!" Mary told her. "I had to tell them about home yesterday, before the whole class. Just think, not one of these kids has ever been up North! Some of them thought Eskimos lived all over there, and reindeers, and stuff. But I told them."

"Told them what, Mugs?" Callie said, because suddenly she had to hear it put into words.

"Why, just about that noisy stream in behind the cabin, and the wildflowers all over, and Daddy's plane humming along in, nights, and—well, you know, mother. You know what it's like."

"Yes," Callie whispered. "Oh—darling! Yes, I know."

Continued on page 31

VIEW Looking Up

By DOROTHY BASTIEN

THE FREIGHTER had stopped at a number of Alaskan ports, much farther North, before it churned jerkily into the dock that morning where Callie and Tim Dorley, and their small daughter, Mary, were waiting.

It already had a full cargo of women and children, northern evacuees being shipped down the Coast.

"You see, honey"—Tim put his hand hard against Callie's arm—"you aren't the only wife the war is forcing out of the North. You've got company."

"Yes," Callie said, "I see." Other women, like herself, who'd known northern winters, sickness without doctors, storms along raw coastlines, but who weren't being allowed to stay now, to face the threat of war in the Pacific.

Last night Callie had stuffed into packing boxes, the accumulation of ten years of living in a northern cabin, up beyond White Pass. Striped slip covers she had made, with Tim and two of his aviator pals helping her with the cutting and fitting. Sturdy slacks and sweaters that Mary and she had spent exciting hours selecting from mail-order catalogues. Boldly checked curtains, tins of fishing tackle.

Last night Callie had had to strip her home bare and nail the lid on it, because her husband, a former commercial pilot, had gone overboard and joined the Air Force. Because she herself had been foolish enough to encourage him to do it.

"Don't forget, and make signals over the cabin while you're circling a bomber in, or something, the way you used to do," she said to him now. Her fingers were stiff, reaching for the smaller suitcase. "They'd probably shoot you down for a spy if you made any of those crazy wing tilts."

Wing tilts that had meant, "I'm setting down now—supper in an hour." Or, "I'm going out now—White Horse to Dawson. Love to you guys."

They'd built the windows in the cabin high as they'd go, and wide, so that Callie could watch Tim's plane going out, and catch those crazy signals—so that she could detect it coming in, a long, long way off.

"I won't make signals." Tim was stooping over the heavier suitcase, his free hand reaching for Mary's. "I'm not likely to forget that you guys aren't here."

"Mother, there's kids on that freighter!" Mary bobbed up and down, red-cheeked with excitement. "I'll have kids to play with, mother, the whole trip!"

She was Tim's daughter all the way—sturdy, with shoulders that would be a bit too wide, and hands

that would be too steady and capable for real allure, when she was grown. But she'd inherited other things from Tim, too. His dark eyes, his warm way of smiling. His sharp love for little things—the soft curve of a bay, the blue sweep beyond a window that's built toward the sky.

"You'll have kids to play with, plenty, when you get started in one of those boarding schools you're so crazy to go to, down in Vancouver," Tim said, grinning down at his daughter. "I believe you're tickled to death to run out on your old dad, just so you can get where there's kids!"

The freighter had a bad choke somewhere deep in its whistle. It sounded blurred and old, wheezing out its good-by to the little northern port.

Mary kept waving and calling to her dad. Callie didn't call. But she did put up her left arm, there at the last, and dip it to resemble the wing tilt of a plane, signalling, "I'm going out now."

The boat whistle wheezed again, choked, gave up the try. Tim's arm was a long time in coming up to complete the signal. "Love to you guys."

"Look, honey"—a slim, quick girl in dark slacks and a bright sweater moved along the deck to stand near Callie—"clean cuts are best, you know. Never let a good-by drag." Her voice was brittle, sharp. "Come on below now, and have a cup of tea."

Callie turned slowly, and the dark girl told her, "I'm Peg Walder. And don't think I don't know whereof I speak, honey!" Her eyes were brilliant dark, her voice suddenly low. "My husband is a flier, too."

IT WAS ten years since Callie had been down the Coast. She'd come North to teach, that long ago—nineteen, just out of school. She'd married Tim six months later, and since then she had never wanted to leave him long enough to make the trip down.

Vancouver looked a big, strange place to her, that morning when the freighter finally docked. The piers were jammed with activity. The city seemed pushed too close to them—its skyline too high.

Peg Walder, elbowing a path through the crowd, for Mary, Callie and herself, said impatiently, "Let's find a cab. It's the only way out of this bedlam."

Callie and Peg were going to take flats in the same building. They had decided that on the way down. They'd decided other things, too, watching the coastline change slowly from a thing of brawling majesty to a quieter softness.

They'd built the cabin windows high so that Callie could watch Tim's plane and catch those crazy signals.

"Every minute was always so full, up North," Callie had told Peg. "It's being occupied all the time that we're going to miss the most, Peg. Mary is begging to go to a boarding school. She wants to stay there week nights, at least, and I suppose I'll have to let her. She's been so starved for companionship. But it's going to be so—empty—"

"There will be ways to keep occupied in Vancouver, too," Peg said, her slim fingers quick and restless, tapping at a cigarette. "There's gobs of war work, they say. Red Cross, emergency hospitals. We'll crowd the time full up. It's the answer to getting through this thing, Callie."

"Yes," Callie said, "I suppose it is."

In the cab Peg told the driver, "We want to find some flats close to downtown—something furnished, and reasonable—"

"Lady," the driver said wryly, "where'd you come from?"

"Why—from up North."

"Didn't anybody tell you up there that this town is crazy with boom?" the cab driver said. "Ship-building, lumber. You'd be lucky to find any kind of flat at any price. Your best bet is to go to a hotel and put in a few weeks looking."

Callie and Peg didn't look for a few weeks, though. They looked for four hours. That was all the time they could give to it, because they had to hurry.

but now?

by MONA GOULD

of women, too. Once the boss was a *big stick*, but now there is courtesy, tact and understanding, strongly tintured with psychology, to keep things running smoothly.

And here's a point that many of the girls are agreed on. "When you get a promotion and a raise in pay from the woman in charge, you know it's not because you've got a pretty ankle and long eyelashes," they say. "It means your work has been good—and that's the only fair way of making promotions."

AT ONE of Canada's big war plants I talked with the "dean of women," and saw another side of the picture. She believes quite frankly that you can't change human nature, and she says you have to be a woman to understand some of the things the girls do—those things that are utterly illogical to the menfolk. One of her workers had been a teacher but had quit because she "couldn't stand the children around her all the time." First day at the plant she burst into the dean's office and sobbed that she just couldn't wear "those awful overalls!" It was tactfully pointed out that most of her co-workers regarded their "pants" lovingly and proudly, as a badge of service. . . . Next day she slipped in to say she just adored hers too, and didn't they fit nicely?

Women supervisors in war industries say it's important to get the background picture of the girl in order to understand her on the job. If there are difficulties at home, or a problem about the boy friend, a girl will feel better and work better if she's able to discuss them with a sympathetic senior from time to time.

Chatting with a smart young woman who has

charge of 49 others, I got this slant: "A man outside of work may be able to understand a woman when it comes to dining out, going to the theatre, or dancing—but not so much when it comes to work. A girl working for a man may bottle up a grievance and take it out in poor work. With a woman in charge, she'll blow off to her—and that's much better."

War work is doing something to job snobbery, too. In a second big plant I visited, the candid young woman in charge of female employment said right out that one of the things she had insisted on was that there should be no demarkation between the girls on the factory machines and the office workers. When that was firmly fixed in everybody's mind, a war plant became a first-class place to work.

THE PERSONNEL woman of a big advertising agency had another point of view to offer. In her offices the girls worked alongside and for the men but were directly responsible to a woman. What are the findings? "A girl is more willing to take criticism of her work from a man, but when it comes to personal matters, such as dress or mannerisms, she prefers to have it from the woman boss." This executive felt that the co-educational system had helped rid girls of the old inferiority complex when working with men—and it was this factor that sometimes made women behave ungraciously toward other women. "But we're used to working together now," she said. "Whether bosses or young juniors, you'll find women behaving in a comradely way toward each other. The girls who can't work with or for women successfully would in all probability be misfits wherever they worked!"

In large department stores women of varied business ranking have been working together for a good many

years now. How does it pan out? "Very little friction," I was told. "Few complaints, and no more than in the other departments where girls worked for men bosses."

BUT THE big testing-ground for women as group managers is undoubtedly the war plants. A lot of new feminine psychology is going to be learned and studied from this wartime development in Canada—and perhaps, from the success already noted, women executives in charge of women workers are here to stay.

In one such plant three girls left their machines to answer the question, "Would you prefer to work for a man, or for a woman . . . and why?"

"Just as soon a man as a woman," said Joan. "Both the same!"

"I'd rather work for a man. They're fairer, less prejudiced. They don't hold grievances," answered Mary.

"Me, I'd rather work for *both*," came Betty's reply. "And I do. If you're afraid to ask the man something, you can go over to the woman with it and she'll understand. . . . Sure I'd work for a woman. Why, I'd work for you, Joan, and like it!"

War plants have become an important new testing-ground for women bosses.



Drawings by Nancy Caudle

"I've Gone Back to the Old Job" by Winifred M. Finlay



Husband has to share some of the household chores.

everything at once. Sit down and plan things out. Then go to work on your plan. You may have to alter it here and there as you go along. But you've got something to work on.

And don't do your planning alone. This job takes co-operation. Hubby has to do his share. Things aren't the same now. The little woman may be tired by a hard day at the office, too. Face it together, plan it together, and you'll come through with a stronger partnership, a more enduring basis for marriage. And if you put some of the second income into War Savings Stamps and Victory Bonds, you'll have something to remember it by when the peace rolls around.

The first thing to realize is that help is hard to get. Charwomen are at a premium, so it's perhaps best to reconcile yourself to the fact that you may not get one at all, and prepare to do all the chores yourself.

HERE WAS the problem that faced me in January, 1941. My husband and I were living in a rented house, with a dog and a cat as dependents. The plans for our own home had been drawn. Then I was asked to return to my profession to do a special war job. After a month I found that if the house were to remain a home, our hours there must be scheduled and our way of life simplified.

Maintaining that schedule was our hardest task. Not that we tried to pattern our lives too rigidly. We drew up a flexible routine, and tried to keep fairly close to it. It's always a temptation, however, to try and do all the household chores in one evening, with the hope of a whole week with none but routine tasks. We found that this tired us out for the rest of the week, and wasn't worth the extra effort.

We tried to get the washing done Monday nights, and the ironing the

next night. That left one other night, or week ends, for housecleaning and such baking as we felt we should do, and still gave us a few nights to go out, or have friends in. We did find, however, that by going to bed early on the nights we worked, we felt much better.

Another primary lesson was that frills had to be cut. To aid quick cleaning and dusting, all trinkets and knick-knacks were put away. Unnecessary silver was packed away, to save cleaning, as were all but a minimum of serving dishes. No fancy linens were used—only those that could be washed easily or sent to the laundry without harm.

Meals took the most thought, and were planned a week in advance. Cooking had always been a pleasure, but now nutrition values had to be studied. Magazines were consulted. To some extent the food budget rose, because cheap dishes which took time

Continued on page 37

They used to say..

Women of varied business ranking have now learned to work together in comradely fashion.



"Never for a work for a Woman"

HAS THE impetus of war work laid forever the ghosts of jealousy and friction when women have to work for and with women? Have women "grown up" to responsibility and made a permanent place for themselves as bosses?

I've been discussing this question with various top ladies and also with the girls who work under them. From what I've gathered I think there's a new point of view emerging. Maybe in the beginning, when women were new to the downtown world of offices and stores, there was friction among the gals. Biggest reason for this was the fierce competition. A woman had to surmount and survive the prejudice existing in the male mind that "woman's place was in the home." That made for strain, and too much trying. Once she'd made a job for herself, a woman had to clutch hard to hold it, and that naturally tended to make her thorny and abrupt and none too charitable in her dealings with other women. There was always the shadow of fear that another woman might worm her way in and kick the props out!

Women now are learning to delegate responsibility; they no longer try to run all the jobs themselves. This development is a big factor in amicable relations between juniors and seniors.

The stressing of the human element in business associations has been important to the progress



It takes planning to run a job by day and a home by night.

WOMEN in slacks...in bandannas...snoods. Women with lunch boxes...at company cafeteria dining tables. Women with welding machines...in airplanes...on ships.

It's glamorous, isn't it? Pick up any magazine, read your daily paper, go to the movies, turn on the radio, and you get the same refrain. Carefree girls, working hard for victory, with government and employers foreseeing every need.

That's the picture for the single girl. Yet there's another side to this war-born influx of women into business and industry. There's the married woman who works.

She doesn't get much publicity, yet National Selective Services plans certainly point toward the day when married women by the thousands will join their single sisters at work. They're common now, and there are

more of them coming back to work every day.

The married woman has problems all her own. Usually she can't be accommodated in dormitories because she has a home of her own to keep up. And that means that two, not one, are affected by her job. Of course if there are children, then it's more complex. But we are concerned here primarily with the childless younger married woman, who is still making a home for her husband.

Many of us have gone back to our professions, our business or our trade. Just how are we doing?

We're doing fine, thank you!

MOST OF us, despite the extra burden of wartime taxes, the scarcity of help and curtailed time for the home, are living a balanced life, with the proper amount of work and recreation.

But it isn't done with mirrors. It's

done by careful planning, hard and fast scheduling of work and activities, and rigid adherence to certain rules.

Most of us are women who have been married one to five years and who had been building up their own homes. When the war brought a sudden lack of womanpower, few could resist the importunities of former employers to return to business or professions.

The first week, the thought of running a home and holding a job proved well-nigh overwhelming. And then we began gradually to work out a system, by trial and error. It's to help those who'll be faced with the same problem as my husband and I were forced to work out, that these words of advice are offered.

To begin with, keep up your courage, when suddenly you realize that you're doing two jobs, not one. It can be done. But not by rushing about helter-skelter trying to do

When I was their age, thought Joe Carmichael, I'd have had more consideration—more respect for my parents than to leave a bathroom in a state like this. But they . . . He tried to kick the funny paper out of the way, but it was too wet; he stooped and crumpled it up and threw it into a corner. All right! he thought. They haven't any respect for me.

"Daddy!" said a high sweet little voice behind him. "Daddy, look! I got my trousis on!"

"Why, so you have!" he said, looking down at Widdy.

She was wearing overalls, brand-new; her long bright hair was tied at the temples with tiny blue bows; she lowered her lashes with a look of bland satisfaction. "I'm a little farmer," she said. "Mommy said I was a little farmer."

"So you are," he said.

She liked to watch him shave; she stood, her feet in sturdy little brown shoes, planted well apart, hands clasped behind her back; he could hear her light breathing. And such solace came to him from her presence!

"That razor's very dang'ous, isn't it, daddy?" she said.

"Very," he said.

"It could cut off all my fingers," she said, and spread out her hand. She was wearing her ring, a little tin heart that Tom had got in a box of popcorn and given to her; she was very proud of it. "Daddy, could a elephant come in this parade?"

WIDDY



ALL GOING

"I'm afraid not," he said. "But next year you'll be big enough to go to the circus and then you'll see elephants."

"Well . . ." she said, "maybe a elephant will run away and come in this parade. Maybe he will, Daddy."

HE DIDN'T mind the thought of the parade so much now, not with Widdy. She came back to the bedroom with him when he had finished shaving, and she talked all the time. "Men brush their hair with two brushes," she observed. "Daddy, do pussycats brush they toofs?"

"I shouldn't be surprised," he said. "Maybe Whiskers has a little green toothbrush."

That made her laugh and laugh, and he smiled to hear her. "I'm going downstairs a funny way," she told him. "Look, daddy!" Holding tight to his hand, she jumped with both feet from one step to the next, and Enid came out of the kitchen to see what this thumping was. "I'm coming downstairs a funny way!" Widdy called out to her.

"Gangway!" called Alan from above, and he came sliding down the stair rail and landed neatly and lightly on his feet.

"Do it again, Alan!" cried Widdy.

"No," said Alan. "It was merely a means to an end."

She accepted his decision without question, as a good many other people were ready to do for Alan. He was only eleven, but he had that quality; slim, fair-haired and nonchalant in his Scout uniform, he was a leader, without any effort.

They were at the table when Tom came running down the stairs, a thin dark serious little boy. "These guys just got ashore," he said. "Their ship was torpedoed and they got away in a lifeboat. Boy! This guy said how their ship was on fire and the other ships in the convoy went right on. Boy! I wouldn't do that if I was a captain."

"If you were the captain of a ship," said Carmichael, "you'd obey orders. You wouldn't risk your own ship and all the lives on board."

"Well," said Tom, "I bet I'd do something."

Widdy squirmed round and round in her high chair and settled herself straight and prim. "I'm going to take Dobbin to the parade," she said.

"That's nice," said Tom, with kindly condescension. "Then he can see all the other horses. Only look out he don't run away. Y'know, Edwina"—for he never would use her self-given name—"dad stopped a runaway horse once."

Carmichael glanced up, with a secret start of pleasure.

"Yes, sir," Tommy went on. "There were two women in some kind of a carriage and the horse ran away and I guess they probably would have been killed if dad hadn't stopped the horse."

"Dobbin can't run away," said Widdy, not at all interested. "'Cause his feet don't walk."



ALAN

"They put that in the paper, didn't they, dad?" Tom asked.

"Just a little local paper," said Carmichael.

"Well, have you got a copy around somewhere, dad?" asked Tom.

"I'm afraid not," said Carmichael.

"I wanted to show it to a fellow. We got in an argument about brave deeds. His father was an aviator in the other war, and my gosh! you'd think he was the only one that ever did a brave deed."

And you'd like to be proud of me, and that's all you can find. Carmichael thought bitterly of his siege in sanatorium during that other war.

"What I wish is, we had a B card," said Alan.

"Pete's father's got one," said Tom.

"He's got pull, that's why," said Alan.

"It is not!" said Tom. "He's making munitions, that's why."

"Hoocy," said Alan. "He's got pull."

"That's a pretty cheap point of view," said Carmichael.

"What?" asked Alan, startled. "What, father?"

"You're making a malicious statement without any foundation," said Carmichael. "That's cheap and it's dishonest."

The color rose hotly in Alan's cheeks; he lowered his eyes and went on eating his breakfast. He's a proud little devil, thought Carmichael. It's hard for him to take any criticism. And I suppose it's hard for him that I haven't got a B card, or anything else he can boast about. Only in Widdy's eyes was he without faults or weaknesses, a splendid being. But when she's older, he thought . . .

THE BOYS left first, and an hour or so later he and Enid set off with Widdy walking between them, carrying her dappled horse on a wooden platform with wheels. It was growing hot now; they went leisurely along the tree-shaded suburban street.

"It's been I don't know how long since you've taken a whole Saturday off, Joe," said Enid.

"It was hard to get off today," he said. "Wynne's going, y'know."

"Drafted, Joe?"

"Yes," he said, briefly.

"Joe," she said, after a moment, "are things bad at the office?"

"Not particularly," he answered. "Why do you ask?"

"I thought you seemed worried, Joe," she said. "I was afraid you—weren't very happy."

I'm spoiling the day for her, he thought, with a stab of remorse. I don't know what's wrong with me. Poor girl! She's so anxious—about all of us. So—"Carry me, daddy!" said Widdy, running in front of him.

"You must say please," he said, and picked her up.

Mr. Anderson, the contractor, was waiting at the bus stop, with a stranger. "I brought my horse, Mr. Anderson," said Widdy.

"That's a lucky horse," said Mr. Anderson. "Instead of somebody riding him, he's got a young lady to carry him."

"He can walk," said Widdy, and added, just like her mother, "when he has a mind to."

"I bet he can," said Mr. Anderson gravely. "Mr. and Mrs. Carmichael, this is Mr. Simonds. Going to be a neighbor of yours. Going to take the white house on your corner."

Mr. Simonds was a grey-haired man with merry blue eyes, friendly and talkative; he was an engineer, coming to work in the munitions plant. "Yes . . ." he said. "Yes, we're all in it now."

"I'm not," said Carmichael curtly, and the other two men glanced quickly at him.

"Well . . ." said Mr. Anderson, soothingly, "you're in a publishing firm—publishing textbooks—school-books. We've got to have schoolbooks, got to keep things going."

"That's it," said the engineer. "The men behind the lines, eh?"

The bus came along then and they all got into it. Mr. Anderson talked to Widdy, and the engineer talked to Enid, and Carmichael was silent. As they came into the town, there was a festive air, flags out everywhere, people standing on the corners already.

"Now, this young lady seems very much interested in this parade," said Mr. Anderson. "No seats left in the grandstand, but if + Continued on page 19

The Parade



ENID

This could be the story of any father who wants to be a hero to his sons—yet must stay at home while the heroes march away

By Elisabeth Sanxay Holding

Illustrated by Jack Keay

ENID STOPPED the alarm clock and sat up in bed.

"I think it's going to be a lovely day, Joe!" she said.

"Maybe," he said.

"I do hope so, anyhow, don't you?" she said.

"Oh, yes . . ." he said politely.

Lovely day—for the parade, thought Joe Carmichael. Personally, I don't give a hoot. All right for the children—and Enid likes anything they like. But I don't want to stand there in the hot sun for a couple of hours. I don't want to go. I wonder if Enid would mind much . . .

She was out of bed already; she was always so quick. And so happy. Darned if I can see why she's so happy, he thought. She's got the children, of course, and she's got a home—with a fine mortgage on it, but apart from that . . . I didn't *mean* things to come out like this for Enid.

"Mommy!" called a calm, imperious little voice, and Enid hurried across the room. With her kimono floating out behind her and a halo of curlers around her clear bright face with the short upper lip and the brows that slanted upward, she had, he thought, a flying look. She's so pretty, he thought. My poor girl . . .

He got up himself and began to dress, slowly, with a curious reluctance. It's the hot weather, he told himself. I'd like to take it easy today—not go out at all. The boys were awake; he could hear that confounded little radio of theirs. There'll be nothing but this parade all through breakfast, he thought. That's natural enough; they're going to be in it. But I'm sick and tired of it.

In his shirt sleeves and suspenders he went along the hall, big and lean and dark, with a slight stoop to his broad shoulders and lines about his eyes that made him look older than his forty-two years. He opened the bathroom door and stood still. Last Sunday's funnies lay sodden on the floor among wet towels and a pyjama jacket; the soap was stuck to the washbasin, the shower curtain was pulled loose from two of the rings.

"Boys!" he called.

"Yes, dad?" Alan called back.

"This bathroom is a shambles!" he said. "One of you come here at once and clear it up."

"Yes, dad, right away," said Tom.



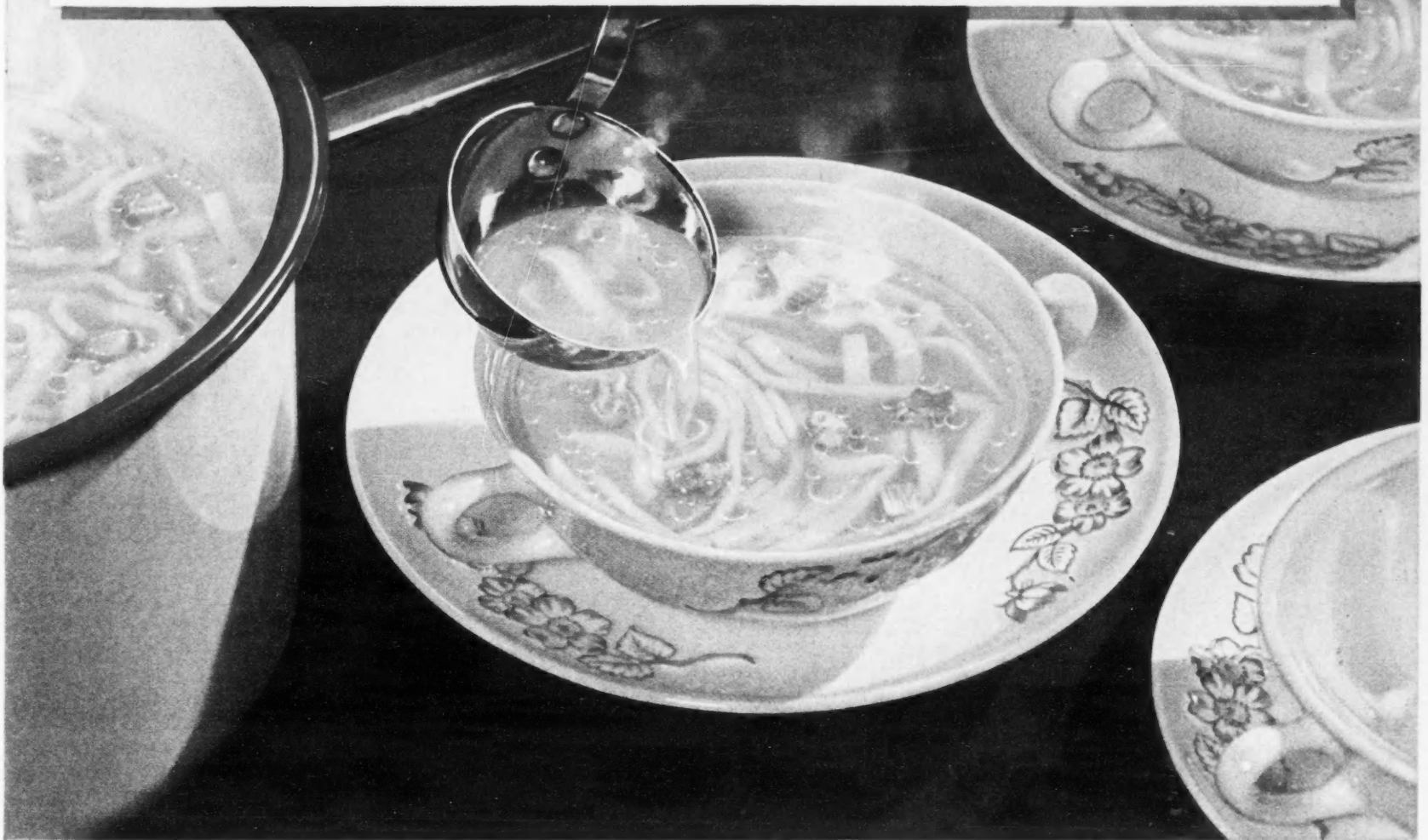
TOM

**HUNDREDS, THOUSANDS, MILLIONS
AND HE STOOD THERE**





A TREAT FOR ANY DAY AND EVERY DAY ...CAMPBELL'S CHICKEN NOODLE SOUP



A NOURISHING HOT DISH FOR COLD WINTER DAYS

When the nip of Winter's in the air, greet those husky appetites with steaming bowls of rich, luscious chicken noodle soup—Campbell's Chicken Noodle Soup. The mouth-watering aroma of its rich chicken stock will hurry them to the table and get any cold-weather meal away to a flying start!

'Most everybody likes chicken—and that's exactly why Campbell's Chicken Noodle Soup is becoming so popular, so

quickly. Into this good soup go tender morsels of slowly-simmered chicken, rich egg noodles and delicate seasoning. The rich chicken stock has the full flavour that grandmother used to capture in her home-made soup.

As a main dish for a quick lunch or supper or an added attraction for dinner, Campbell's Chicken Noodle Soup is being served more and more often throughout Canada. It's so easy to prepare—and it's a nourishing, satisfying treat for any family any day.

Treat your family to this chicken noodle soon—and often.

Campbell's CHICKEN NOODLE SOUP

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL



TAKE YOUR CHANGE IN
WAR SAVINGS
STAMPS
YOUR GROCER SELLS THEM

MADE IN CAMPBELL'S MODERN CANADIAN KITCHENS

On the Shelf at

By ELIZABETH ROSS

With sketches from her own notebook.

I AM one of the more horrible examples of what war can do to a girl. No, I haven't been bombed out, but I might as well have been, for my morale has been blitzed to bits. Men are rarer than rubber these days, and as far as I'm concerned would make much poorer salvage. I've always been unlucky that way.

And most of them are so young that I feel like a veteran Delilah preying on the faith of a wide-eyed child when I use even the least potent of my bag of tricks. My little innocent routine was good for laughs before the war, but now it's a guarantee that I'll be asked to "meet his mother" before the evening is over. I like mine, but not others' mothers.

There are a few good catches left, and don't think we haven't all tried to land one at some time or other. Most of us girls wield a pretty mean hook. I myself spent a good part of last month in my handsome dentist's office undergoing unspeakable torture just

The costumes worn by the contestants for this sport are dazzling and indeed are intended to reduce all male beholders to a state of semi-paralysis. I, for one, because of the outlandish garb worn, and the utter ruthlessness of its users, only resort to this method in emergencies. I like to keep my friends. I strongly advise those who are held back by maidenly scruples to forbear attending functions which are certain to be swarming with their more hardened sisters or they may find themselves, as I did at my last six o'clock party, engaged in a cosy chat with their hostess' father for the duration.

The odds of putting your tag on a man at a canteen gala are about a thousand to one. If, by some subtle manoeuvring, you manage to have a dance with one of the more attractive stags, the chances are pretty slim that you will have another. Either he's seen a more alluring number over your right shoulder (they always keep their eyes wide open), or the chaperone has read your mind and bustles him off to dance with some plain Jane who has been supporting the wall for half the night. Or, again, your best friend may turn traitor and, forgetting all you have done for her, will take him right from under your nose. If he does manage to weather the storm, he is not permitted to take you home any way; all of which convinces me that we are still attending these canteen dances only for patriotic reasons.



to try my luck. The thought of possibly fifty or sixty years of such brutal treatment from my spouse sobered me. I decided then and there that although he filled my teeth, he would never be the one to fill the cavity in my heart.

Ginny went so far as to join the Transport and I still think she should have joined some other branch of the service. I suppose she was dallying with the idea that if girls are fools for a man in uniform, it should work the other way around. "Ample" is the word for Ginny, and those cover-alls are definitely not for one of her proportions. When she stoops to fix a gadget, you can easily see what I meant when I said she has always underestimated herself.

SOME OF my friends swear by a system of mob attack commonly known as "wolfing." It is a method of open warfare with no holds barred. It is most suitable for large social gatherings such as buffet suppers, dances and coffee parties, where the men are outnumbered ten to one and have no chance of defending themselves.



THE IDEA of using one's home as a happy hunting ground proved to be a dismal one from the beginning for most of us. Of course lonely recruits drop in and out of our homes all the time, but at our place I might as well be the downstairs maid for all the attention I get. After dinner our gullible visitor invariably sits listening in awed silence to Dad's reminiscences of World War 1 while Mother and I chew our nails, or else he spars verbally with Junior in a technical jargon which makes as much sense to



me as alphabet soup. For all the knitting I'm doing you would think I'd get more co-operation.

Of course there is always that "old faithful" among male-baiting routines: the walk-your-dog method by which the young lady in question, dressed in her best glad rags, propels her dog, by force if necessary, into the vicinity of male canine-lovers and their pets, the latter also preferably of the opposite sex. The ensuing encounter is intended to establish a bond of friendship, thus bringing the whole episode to a happy conclusion. Unfortunately the risk of slip-ups is great. More than likely such a procedure creates a feeling of animosity between the animals which is quickly adopted by their sympathetic owners. The battle that invariably follows usually involves much entangling of leashes, legs and an exchange of spirited remarks, definitely not to be desired. This method is seldom used by the wise, not only because of its lack of subtlety, but because today, in a world of uniforms, little dogs have been replaced by swagger sticks and only the aged and the very young find time to loiter in the park.

BROTHERS AS an aid to romance are the bunk. As scouts they are utter failures, for, in spite of detailed descriptions as to physical specifications they always turn up with something ghastly. Take, for instance, the duds that my brother brought from the factory where he works to a big party at our house. They may have been wizards with a Diesel, but their dancing resembled a buffalo stampede. They seemed to think I was equipped with the same energy as the dynamos they had been handling, and treated me accordingly. Now I know what the enemy will have to take and heaven help them!

As most of us were much in demand before the war, naturally we have to be terribly careful now to avoid the stigma of unpopularity. To conceal the fact that we are dateless we will go to practically any length. Either we slink quietly down the nearest dark alley to the neighborhood movie, or else we go to one of our "hen bridges" which we have recently dubbed "Meetings of the Lonely Hearts." Having still retained our pride, we never sit at home yearningly hugging the telephone, no never! Instead we sit on pins and needles playing bridge, ready to tear home in nothing flat should Mother phone about a late date. Of course by "late date" we don't mean one made within four or five days of the event as of yore. We make allowances for the boys arriving home from camp but we have our pride—we don't accept invitations after eight o'clock the same night.

And girls, if you want to be cordially hated, just have a date every night when your friends are pining at home. Spinsterhood in the late teens and early twenties is a bitter pill to take, but popularity is poison! ♦

The Parade :: Continued from page 15

anybody was to sit on my lap I don't think there'd be any objections. Would you be willing to lend this young lady to me, Mrs. Carmichael?"

"That's very kind of you," Enid said, and glanced at Joe. "But she's rather shy . . ."

"Not with me," said Mr. Anderson. "We're old friends, aren't we, Widdy?" "Yes, I are," Widdy answered, comfortably.

The reviewing stand was set up on the square outside the post office, and the street around it was packed with people; a policeman would have turned them away if Mr. Anderson hadn't had his grandstand ticket.

"Now if this young lady will—" he began, when someone screamed; there was a curious muffled roar, and the crowd began to stir, to press back.

"Look out!" somebody cried. "It's a runaway!"

"A runaway horse . . ." called another voice. "Look out!"

There was another scream, and the crowd surged like a wave.

"Daddy!" cried Widdy, in fear, and her arm tightened round his neck.

"That's all right, Widdy," he said. "Here!" He caught Enid by the wrist and began shouldering his way ruthlessly through the crowd. "Here!" he said again, and pushed Enid into the space under the grandstand. "Take Widdy," he said. "I'll—"

There was a shout, and a cheer, someone laughed; the horrible backward surge of the crowd was stopped. "One of them Scouts . . ." somebody said. "A baker's wagon," somebody else said. "A Boy Scout . . ."

It was Alan, Mr. Anderson told them when he found them a few moments later. "He jumped right out in the road and waved his hat and headed the horse up the hill, away from the crowd. A regular hero, that boy of yours."

THEY STOOD there in the crowd, just he and Enid. Widdy had gone riding off in Mr. Anderson's arms, willing and glad to go, carrying Dobbin by one leg. All right, Carmichael said to himself. That's something to be glad of. You don't want a child to cling too much to you. You want them to make friends in the world.

But he missed her so; he felt so futile; it was almost as if he did not exist at all for anyone except Enid.

The first band had come in sight now and it began to play "O Canada." He stood hat in hand as the flags went by; then the soldiers came, eyes toward the grandstand where the mayor and the other important people sat. So young, the soldiers were, so fine; so many of them. Hundreds, thousands, millions,

all going, and he stood here . . .

A fife and drum corps came now, playing "The Girl I Left Behind Me." "Joe . . ." said Enid. "Joe, there's Alan!"

He carried the flag for the Scouts, straight and slim and easy, his head up in that lordly way he had. My son . . . Carmichael thought. Something rose in his throat, in his heart, and all his bitterness was flooded away.

"Joe . . ." said Enid, and he looked down at her.

"Enid!" he said. "Come now! Come!"

She took his hand and squeezed it; she tried to smile, but she was crying. "Mustn't do that, my dear girl," he said.

He stood there holding her hand while the parade went by, a long parade. The last band was coming now, and Mr. Anderson came down from the grandstand, carrying Widdy and Dobbin. "I thought I'd get ahead of the crowd," he said. "I like this parade!" said Widdy. She held out her arms to her father and he

took her from Mr. Anderson.

"I hope you were a good girl," he said.

"I want some nice cream, please," she said, politely.

"We're going to have ice cream when we get home, Widdy," said Enid.

"I want nice cream in a store, please," said Widdy, with ominous calm.

"You're going to have ice cream with Alan and Tom," said Enid. "And cake, too, Widdy."

They met Alan and Tom at the bus stop, as they had arranged, and both the boys, Carmichael thought, had a queer look about them; they were dusty and pale and silent, almost hostile. "Alan," Enid said, trying to speak in a cheerful matter-of-fact tone, "we heard what you—"

"Well, kindly don't talk about it!" said Alan.

"My gosh, I wish we had that old car!" said Tom. "It's going to rain, too, probably before we get home."

The sky was overcast; a hot and breathless stillness lay over the world. The bus was crowded and Widdy knocked a woman's hat sideways with Dobbin as they were getting on.

"Why don't you look what you're doing?" cried the woman, and Widdy scowled at her; her lip trembled and she hid her face in her father's neck.

"Now don't start howling!" said Tom, with unwonted sternness. "There's a fellow I know in this bus."

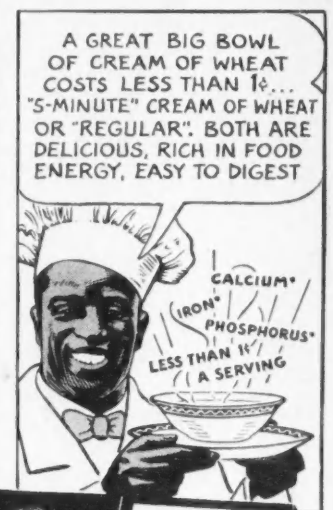
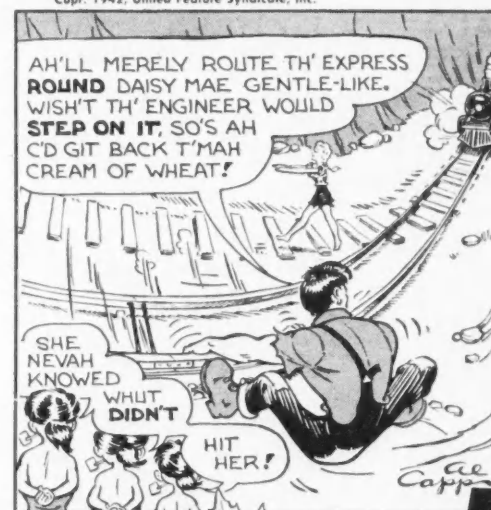
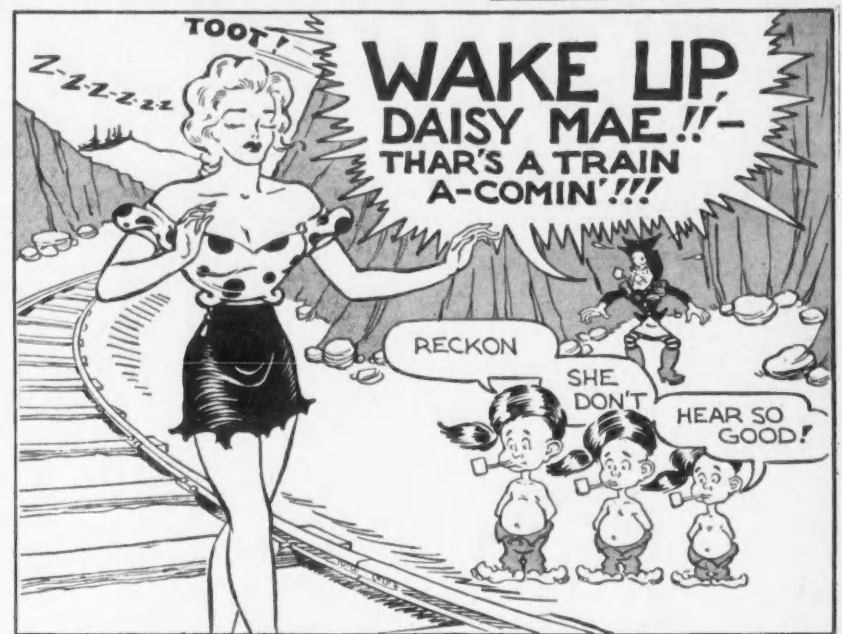
"Let her alone, Tom," said Enid. "She's tired."

"She could behave herself, just the same," said Alan. "I've seen other kids her age that had self-control."

Continued on page 22

LI'L ABNER by AL CAPP

PROVES HE'S A REAL GENTLE-MAN

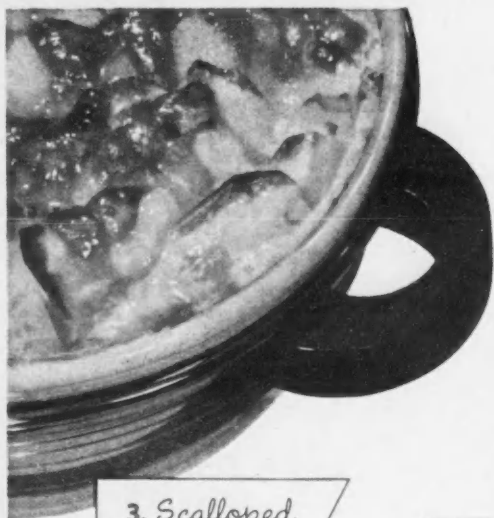


MADE IN CANADA
FROM CANADIAN WHEAT
SOLD ONLY IN THESE PACKAGES

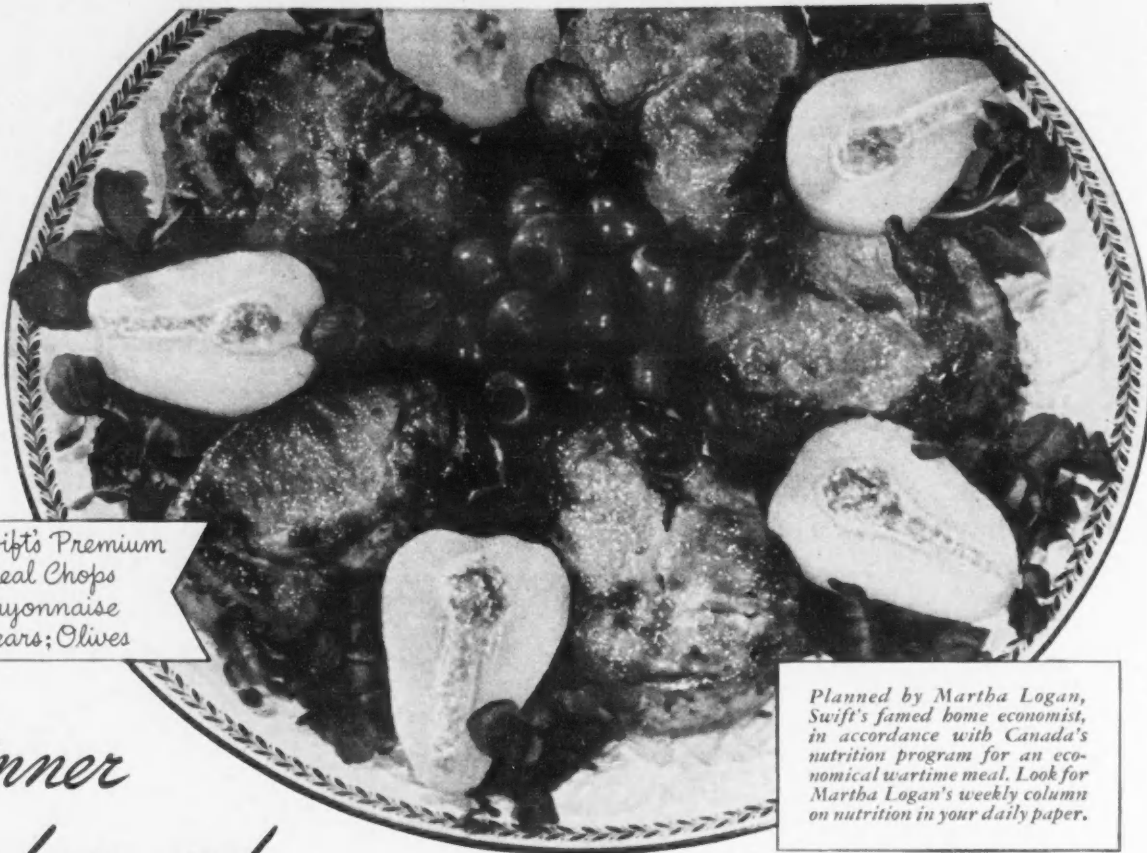
QUICK COOKING
5 MINUTE CREAM OF WHEAT

REGULAR CREAM OF WHEAT

*For addition to or supplementing diets deficient in these elements



3. Scalloped Potatoes



1. Swift's Premium Veal Chops
2. Mayonnaise Pears; Olives

Planned by Martha Logan, Swift's famed home economist, in accordance with Canada's nutrition program for an economical wartime meal. Look for Martha Logan's weekly column on nutrition in your daily paper.

*A nutritious dinner
wisely planned around*

SWIFT'S PREMIUM VEAL

1. Veal chops, golden brown and savoury... one each to economize in meat... my, what a fine main dish they make! Fine nutritionally because they supply high quality proteins, B vitamins, essential minerals. Extra fine in flavour if you have been able to get Swift's Premium quality meat.

2. Olives and Mayonnaise-Pears served hot on beds of watercress, set off the main dish and do duty for a nutritious salad rich in vitamins and minerals. The pears are easy to fix—just fill with mayonnaise, sprinkle with paprika, and broil lightly.

3. A bubbling casserole of scalloped potatoes—grand for a cold weather meal. Along with the

vitamins and energy values of the potatoes, you get important milk nutrients. For more flavour, more nutrition, add some grated cheese.

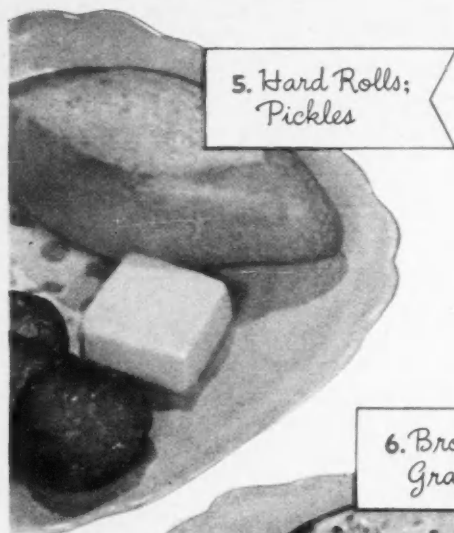
4. Broccoli should rate a double star on your list of vegetables because it's rich in *both* vitamin C and vitamin A. And don't throw away the stems of the broccoli: they're good for you.

5. Crusty hard rolls, like all your breadstuffs, should be made of Canada Approved flour. Butter or cheese, spread on the bread, are use-

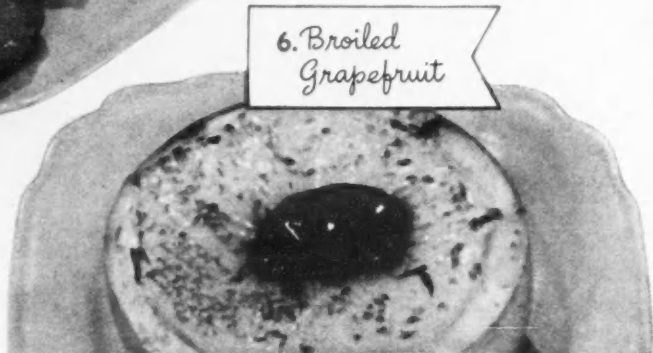
ful ways of obtaining additional milk products.

6. If you've never tried broiled grapefruit you're missing a real treat. Dot with shortening, broil until light brown, and fill centre with jelly (or add brown sugar before broiling). Lots of vitamin C; delightful flavour. For the beverage you'll probably want coffee or tea, and why not... provided the children have milk and the grown-ups get their daily half pint at breakfast, lunch or between meals.

SWIFT CANADIAN CO., LIMITED, a Dominion-wide organization devoted to the conservation and efficient distribution of Canada's food resources.



5. Hard Rolls; Pickles



6. Broiled Grapefruit



4. Broccoli

"I don't see how I got along without it!" That's what women are saying about "MEAT COMPLETE," the new Handbook of Meat Cookery by Martha Logan. Many special features, including charts that help check how well you're balancing your meals. 81 meat recipes, each one indexed according to the time it takes to cook. First day recipes and recipes for using left-overs the next day and the next! Send 10c, with your name and address, to Martha Logan, Swift Canadian Co., Limited, Dept. B-2, Toronto.

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say our Government's Nutrition Services

MEAT, FISH, ETC.—One serving a day of meat, fish or poultry. Liver, heart or kidney once a week.

FRUITS—One serving of tomatoes daily, or a citrus fruit, or tomato or citrus fruit juices, and one serving of other fruits, fresh, canned or dried.

VEGETABLES (as well as one serving of potatoes)—Two servings daily of vegetables, preferably leafy green, or yellow, and frequently raw.

BREAD—Four to six slices of Canada Approved Bread, brown or white.

MILK—Adults: ½ pint. Children: more than one pint. Some cheese, as available.

EGGS—At least 3 or 4 eggs weekly.

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SLICK BUT SOFT. Yoke fullness and shirring make this a trim little trick—but not severe.



AFTER-FIVE DATER. A double-dealing two-piecer with a bolero that won't let you down at the office or stand you up for a date later.



SMOOTHLY SECRETARIAL. The sailor collar and sleeve stitching of this two-part version give it an extra something. Try it and see.

This little-womanish number is all sweet-and-softness. The shoulder yokes release fullness at the top. Stitching at the shoulders and down the front trim the silhouette. Blue or tea rose would be extra fetching.



4524

Simplicity

This little number is a perfect pick-up after business clothes, overalls or tailored office outfits. Small shoulder bows and skirt fullness make it feminine-plus.



4541

Simplicity

Prints are perfect to give you that new season feeling at this time of year. Have you seen the new gay Canadian designs for 1943?

This plaid jacket with solid-color collar and belt to match the slacks is pretty exciting. Kind to the hipline too, this figured-top, plain-panted combination.



Simplicity 4528

Career Girl Goes Glamorous..

ALL THE SOFT-PEDALLING you do at the office to keep your femininity from running riot on you can find a fine outlet in clothes that are pretty-pretty after hours. Amazing what it does to your morale, getting into something soft and clinging or cute and tom-boyish when the day's work is in the bag. If you're a wife on the job, better find out whether the permanent boy-friend likes you best in a long-skirted housecoat or a slick pair of slacks. If you're still on your own, choose an outfit that makes you feel happier. Has an important bearing on your work. If you've got a beau on the office staff, startle him with something like this gay print, when you have a date; especially if you go for dark tailored touches on the job. Makes him think you've got a dual personality — and if he doesn't fall for one, he may for the other!

Pattern Descriptions on Page 37

Evie and the War Effort :: Continued from page 7

"The hospital's too crowded," I said, forgetting the state I was in.

"Oh, thank heaven!" said Mrs. Snelley, not meaning the hospital, but meaning thank heaven I was not killed.

The next thing I knew they poured some wonderful cordial down my throat, holding my head up so I could drink. I drank it all.

I opened my eyes. Mrs. Snelley was leaning over me, looking, for a person with a want of feelings for others, very anxious.

"It's probably only a fractured skull," I said, because I did not mean to scare her as much as I had. "It's nothing serious."

Mrs. Snelley's hand went to her heart and then came away.

"You lie still," she said. "Don't try to talk. We'll get your father here as soon as we can."

"My father does not care what happens to me," I said.

Mrs. Snelley looked startled.

"Why, what do you mean?" she said.

"Of course, he cares about you."

"He doesn't. All he cares about is his war work. And that's all mother cares about too."

"That's absurd," said Mrs. Snelley. "Do you mean to say they're neglecting you?"

"Yes, ma'am," I said with a great deal of sorrow. "I am very lonesome."

Mrs. Snelley laughed queerly. "You'll get used to it," she said. "I've been lonesome for years."

"But, Mrs. Snelley," I said, "you've got everything."

Mrs. Snelley said, "I haven't anything. I used to have a family. It's gone away. I used to have friends. I'm too old for them to bother with. I used to be the leading social figure in this town. I haven't had a guest for four months."

I kept quiet, letting her talk.

"Even the war," she said, "hasn't made them come to see me. They're all running around busy as bees. I know. I see them. And no one has asked me to do anything. Do you know what they want of me, Miss Drake?"

"No," I lied.

"They want donations. Money. That's all they want of me. They don't want me with them. They think I'm a useless old hypochondriac, don't they? Don't they, Miss Drake?"

I swallowed hard and looked away. Inside me, I felt like crying for poor Mrs. Snelley.

I tried to change the subject. "Mrs. Snelley," I said, "how would you like to have a couple of babies around to keep you company?"

Mrs. Snelley stared. "I'm rather past that sort of thing," she said.

"They needn't be your babies," I said. "I know where I can get a couple who'd be glad to stay with you. They're Mr. and Mrs. Thomas's babies. Of course, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas would have to come with them."

And I told her all about the babies and the jammed hospital and Mr. Thomas in his pyjamas. It sounded very sad as I told it.

Mrs. Snelley kept looking at me in a queer sort of way, and finally she said, "You have a big heart for a little girl, Miss Drake."

"Call me Evie," I said.

Father didn't come until much later.

I guess he wasn't too worried about me. "Well," he said, "you look pretty healthy for one reported dead."

I guessed Maudie in her rattlebrained way had exaggerated.

"She's badly shaken up," said Mrs. Snelley seriously.

Father said, "For Pete's sake, baby, don't you think I have enough to do without your distracting me further?"

I was hurt to the quick.

"I'm afraid," said father to Mrs. Snelley, "you were the victim of a hoax."

"I know," said Mrs. Snelley. "She was just trying to get me to take in a homeless family. But it's the most subtle approach anyone in this town has ever made me."

I didn't know how all this got started. I thought I had played my part well.

There was nothing I could do about it. I shook hands with Mrs. Snelley and went out with father.

We were passing the lake road, and it was dusk by then, and I suddenly saw Harvey's glider sort of floating down the hill to the lake. At the bottom of the hill it bumped into a tree and rolled over and stopped.

"Father! Stop the car!" I said. "Harvey Drummond's been killed!"

"Oh, lord," said father.

Then he saw the glider crumpled against the tree. We ran out of the car and up the road. Harvey was spilled out of the glider and was lying quite still with one leg folded under him.

"Oh, darn these kids," said father. "Go call the hospital, Evie, and I'll fix a temporary splint."

"I won't call the hospital," I said, "we'll take him to Mrs. Snelley's. The hospital's too crowded."

"Baby, you can't pull that same trick again."

"It's no trick," I said. "He's hurt, isn't he? And she's next door, isn't she? And he has to be taken care of at once, doesn't he? And she's lonesome, isn't she? And Maddie can't see him in the hospital, can she?"

Father said, "Stop screaming at me, baby. I get it." And he picked Harvey up and carried him.

Mrs. Snelley answered the door herself, as if she were expecting us.

"Is he one of the lonely ones, too?" she said.

"No, but my sister is," I said.

I SAT BY Harvey's bedside until he came out of the ether. We couldn't locate his mother, and his father was away. My father tried to get me to go home, but I wouldn't. Mrs. Snelley and I sat and watched Harvey for a long, long time and finally he moved.

He opened his eyes and saw me. I guess he didn't see so well, because he said, "Oh, Madeline, you've come. I didn't want you to know about my flying, because I'd... oh, Maddie, it's been awful!"

"Why shouldn't I know about your flying, dearest?" I said.

"Because you'd worry, like my mother. Oh, Maddie!"

"Go to sleep, Harvey, my love," I said romantically. "Everything's going to be hunky-dory." He went to sleep and I saw that Mrs. Snelley was watching me. She looked as if she might be laughing. + Continued on page 59

HOW CAN I BE MORE BEAUTIFUL?

Probably You Can't Change-

The slope of your forehead
The colour of your eyes
The shape of your nose
The contour of your chin



PEPSODENT WITH IRIUM CAN ADD BEAUTY TO YOUR SMILE!

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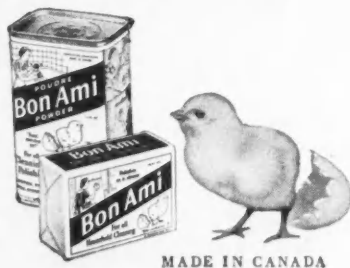


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Use Bon Ami in your bathroom as well as in your kitchen! It whisks the dirt away in a jiffy . . . gives a lovely gleaming surface to bowl and tub in no time at all.

Bon Ami

"hasn't scratched yet!"



MADE IN CANADA

The Parade

Continued from page 19

"Go away!" cried Widdy. "Bad Alan! I hate you!"

"That's a matter of perfect indifference to me," said Alan.

They were all tired, all silent, even Enid. When they got out at their corner the wind had risen, but it was a hot and dusty wind; the trees rocked in it. Widdy dropped Dobbin, and gave a cross little squeal.

"Oh, here!" said Tom, impatiently, picking it up for her. "Say!" he said. "The house looks kind of like a ship, I think. I mean the way the flag's blowing and the curtains and all. My gosh! I wish I could go in the Navy. They used to go when they were twelve."

"Well, you're only nine," said Alan.

"I know how old I am," said Tom. "Dad, wouldn't you a million times rather go in the Navy than the Army?"

"Dad's like that captain in the convey," said Alan.

"How d'you mean?" asked Tom.

"That thing you got on the radio," said Alan. "The one that had to go right ahead. I mean, you got to think about your own ship."

"I know that," said Tom.

They were walking ahead, side by side, yet Alan's words were not for him.

"Take a case like that crazy horse today," said Alan. "If you're alone, okay, you can do something about it. But if you've got women and children to look after, well, you've got to look after them, that's all."

"Yes . . ." said Tom, judicially. "I guess that's right."

"And if you're a sailor or a soldier or an airman, or anything," said Alan, "well, you're pretty darn glad if you've got somebody that'll do that. Gosh! Here she comes! Here's the rain!"

He began to run, light as a deer, his head up in that lordly way of his; there was no one so free and so unburdened as he.

And he had spoken, after his fashion, to the big tired man carrying a baby, the man who was not in the parade, not even in the grandstand. He had said what nobody else could have said to him, not even Enid with all her love and tenderness. I could not run like this, light and free, but for you. You are there behind me, steady and strong, and today I know that.

He had the door open as they came hurrying up the steps. Carmichael set Widdy down and straightened his shoulders. "Well, Alan . . ." he said. "Congratulations!"

He held out his hand and Alan took it; their eyes met, with a look new to both of them.

"Better close that door, Alan," said Carmichael.

"Aye, aye, sir!" said Alan. To the Captain. ♦

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RENDELLS

A Department of Style, Health and Personality

Going BACK

Career Women Dresses and Hats supplied by courtesy The T. Eaton Co. Ltd.

HERE SHE IS—the poised woman with good judgment and a capacity for meeting people in a business way and dealing with them satisfactorily.

Yet believe it or not, the day before these big pictures were taken, *Chatelaine* saw her sitting at an interviewer's desk at the Selective Service office, looking like that (above, far right).

She'd had good business training and been a valuable secretary before she was married, years ago. Now, she's going back to work, to help ease the manpower shortage, and incidentally, to buy more war bonds and pay taxes for her country's war effort.

She just decided to drop in to the Selective Service offices on her way home from shopping, after a luncheon party. You can see she's still done up in her fancy hat and veil, earrings, fur-piece, beads and a pretty trail-looking afternoon dress.

Somehow or other, it struck us that she wouldn't get very far with her prospective employer about that receptionist job she wanted. So we suggested some changes, and asked her to let us take pictures and show you what happened. The Beauty Editor will tell you on the next page what she did about her hair, swooping up and back that listless-looking neck-length cut she had. For her dress we chose an inexpensive navy crepe especially designed for the shorter figure. You'll notice it is tailored, without being severe, and has a crisp white dickey which dome-fastens in (for the speedy dressing she hasn't been used to lately) and can be replaced for on-to-dinner freshness with a fancier, frillier front.

Shaped shoulders and a good foundation have taken away her slump. The foundation is super-important and should be her most carefully selected garment.

P.S. We'll give you odds on her comeback in the business world.

Put Your Best thought and money on the clothes you'll be wearing to work in," advise the expert stylists to the career woman, age unlimited. Because Mrs. A. will probably be doing outside work as well as inside (personnel and kindred jobs often require it), we chose her hat with special care. It's a navy fur felt miniature homberg with a veil that rides clear of her face. She achieves (we think proudly) a clear-cut alertness which rules out any suggestion of the fuzziness she might have expressed if she'd gone job-hunting in her original get-up pictured above, far right.



Don't sandwich a job-hunt between bridge and shopping, as this visitor to Selective Service is doing. The employer has no choice but to take you (or leave you, sadly enough) at face value.



BEAUTY CULTURE

First JOB

By Carolyn Damon, Fashion Editor



This is the kind of first-job hunter that one employer describes as looking "not quite done through yet." You may not be able to buy a new outfit for first interviews, but you can be brushed, pressed, hatted and neat-looking — the capable look!



FEEL KIND of wobble-kneed at the thought of that first meet-up with the fortunate employer who's destined to start you off on your business career? You hope—you hope?

I mean, it may take a little salesmanship to tip him off as to what a lucky guy he is.

Always provided, of course, that you've got the necessary candlepower glowing away in the old cranium. If you're capable of doing the job you go after, the next thing is to look and act the part.

Take it from an old-timer, Selective Service can be a nice buffer between you and your first boss. June found that out when she went to be interviewed in the special section set aside for first-jobbers in her home town. June had made a no-detour trip from high school to business college, and when she dropped into the Selective Service offices, top, left, she'd just come from a coke and hot dog session with some of the old gang . . . and looked it!

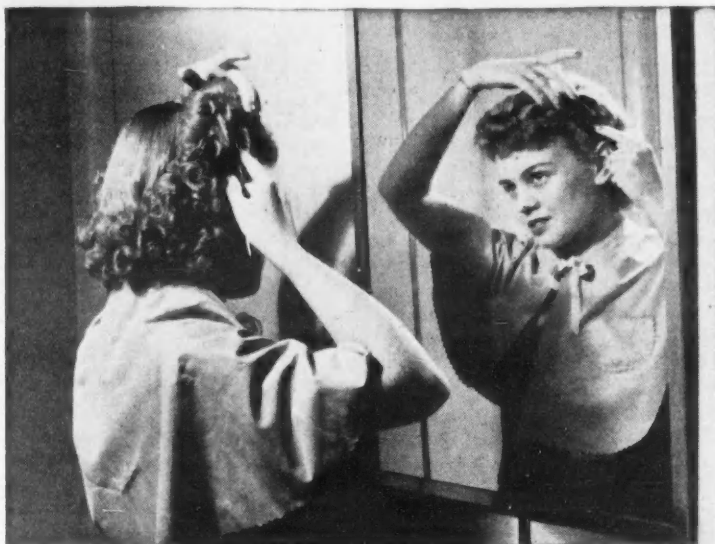
No fooling—this is the real thing. *Chatelaine* took a cameraman to Selective Service, and we saw dozens of Junes looking just as unbusinesslike, or more so. Sloppy Joes, saddle shoes, unpressed skirts and frowzy hair were almost the rule rather than the exception.

Of course the girls were receiving just as courteous and ready attention from officials as the ones who had slicked themselves up a bit. But interviewers who direct them to jobs say they often worry about the youngsters—who may have good qualifications—because they don't look the part when they go to see employers. And sometimes they give them a tip or two about sprucing up for that first call.

Anyway, we asked June to come along and let us do a little job of office-conditioning on her. First, the Beauty Editor went to work (turn over the page for that), then the Fashion Editor took over.

P.S. She got the job.

First Thing was to make June look like the kind of person who knew her way around an office. And that doesn't mean she can't still look young and gay. That little Pilot blue wool crepe suit we chose for her, above, should snare a boss without losing a boy friend. It's tailored, but the velveteen collar and chesterfield style cut give it a pretty feminine touch. And the crisp polka-dotted new high-tie blouse can be changed to a soft sheer for dating. The hat is a fur felt pillbox in navy, and teams neatly with the brushed back hair-do. Navy shoes and bag finish the setup.



... and at Seventeen

By Adele White, Beauty Editor

YOU'VE THROWN your schoolbooks aside and you're about to cut your career teeth on your first job! You're brushing up on your shorthand and typing, aren't you? Well, brush up on your appearance too! Perhaps you've been the Personality Kid of the juke box crowd at the corner drugstore, with your casual clothes and your Veronica Lake glamour bob. That's out for the new life you're entering. You've got to be the trim, tailored girl-on-the-job.

A double-do hair-do is the thing for you (as it is for June—the little girl in the picture). It comes down in a neat roll in the back, with a pompadour in front, for daytime wear. It's awfully easy to handle and will look smart as paint under your new spring bonnet. In the evenings, when you step out with the man of the hour, you can look orchidaceously feminine with the same hair-do combed into curls in the back and a soft bang in front. (See June fixing up for the big date in the photograph, above.)

Beauty experts complain that you young things are apt to have a heavy hand with make-up—especially lipstick. You slather it on, they say, regardless. Try one of those lipstick brushes, which cost only a few shekels and give a very fine line to your mouth.

Better reserve eye shadow for your party face because, with your young sparkling orbs, you don't need it in the daytime. Unless you aim to look dramatic and beetling, don't blacken your eyebrows. Use a light eye-brow pencil to emphasize the natural line of your brow. Remember, there's only a limited demand for both drama and glamour in offices.

Hands must be well groomed too.



For well-groomed hands June has a monthly manicure, with a going-over at home at least once a week.



June learns how to give her mouth a good line with lipstick. Expert use of the finger tip helps give the color a natural contour.

Romance Blows a Fuse WHEN BAD BREATH MUSCLES IN!



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COLGATE'S DENTAL CREAM, you see, has an active *penetrating* foam that gets into the hidden crevices between your teeth—helps clean out decaying food particles and stop the stagnant saliva odours that are the *cause* of much bad breath.

And Colgate's has a soft, safe polishing agent that cleans enamel thoroughly, yet gently—makes your teeth naturally bright and sparkling! Besides, Colgate's has a delicious, wake-up flavour that makes it a favourite with children and grownups alike.



IF IT'S KISSIN'
YOU'RE MISSIN'
—TWICE A DAY—AND
BEFORE EVERY DATE—
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So, when I recommend Tangee's exclusive SATIN-FINISH Lipsticks to you, I do it in full confidence that they are exactly what you need...today! Anywhere, in any weather, they literally flow on to your lips...smoothly, swiftly, cleanly. Not too moist, yet not too dry, they last for longer than you'd believe possible. Above all, SATIN-FINISH gives

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Lipsticks



Beauty Begins... at Forty

WHOEVER SAID, "It's nice to be pretty, but better to be smart," spoke a mouthful of truth. The charm of a well-groomed woman who has learned to make the most of herself wins hands down over the kind of pretty-prettiness which rubs off as time marches on.

So, here are some pointers for you femmes of mature years who are planning to pick up the threads of your career and go back to the job again.

Your hair can do wonders in giving you that well-poised woman-of-the-world air, especially if it is prematurely grey and expertly handled. Grey hair should be swept up from the face in smooth tailored lines—with never a hair out of place. Try a modified feather cut, close fitting at the back, with one or two rolls in front, which can be combed into curls for a softer evening effect. To be properly geared for your job, you must have the kind of hair-do which is easy to handle and won't involve too

much time and chaos at the dressing table before you leave for the office of a morning.

Make-up is an art in itself. Better ask the advice of a beauty expert who'll study the shape of your face, the color and texture of your skin; then act accordingly.

Rouge should be applied high up on your cheeks—especially if your face is a trifle plump and you want to avoid a jowlish appearance. Eye shadow should be used with great discretion and on the upper lids only—otherwise you'll look like the victim of insomnia. Creaming your face each night with gentle upward patswill discourage lines and wrinkles, those tell-tale signs of age.



Mrs. A now knows she must use rouge high up on her cheeks, to give her face a more flattering contour.

The beauty expert shows Mrs. A how to pat cream with upward strokes into face and under chin.



FASHION SHORTS FROM NEW YORK

by Kay Murphy

Where Do We Go From Here, Girls?

I mean you career girls who are doing more with your life, better than you ever thought you could. Yesterday you were a schoolgirl, or a housewife—today you are a career girl, and it does give a lass a jolt, doesn't it? Mentally, morally and physically the first year of a career girl is the hardest. Take, for instance, your clothes. Just what does a career girl need in her closet? I did a little bit of research and asked about a dozen new career girls what they found they needed the most in the way of clothes. In every instance they emphasized the necessity of smart hats, shoes, gloves and handbags. Going a little deeper, they wanted a well-fitting girdle and nice undies.

"What about dresses?" I asked. "Oh," they answered, "we're wearing

She has a similar wardrobe and she tells me from experience, every career girl, no matter if she's sixteen or sixty, needs these things. It has taken her over two years to compile this wardrobe, and she never spends a penny on clothes unless it fits in with this basic wardrobe:

1. Two-piece suit. She prefers grey because she has black and brown shoes and bags and either color goes well with grey.

2. Two blouses. One is a dainty, frilly white to wear when the occasion is "dress up." The other is a plaid cotton flannel which she made herself and a tam-o-shanter to match. This is for sportswear, with the grey suit.

3. One good basic dress. By basic I mean a dress that is simply designed, with little or no trimming, that you can change around with costume jewellery, novelty neckwear, probably a brightly colored belt with clip to match. Black is the best color for this dress, although navy and dark brown are runners-up.

4. Two sweaters—a cardigan and a pullover both in different colors, but "harmonizing," so you can wear both of 'em together.

5. Two skirts. One a sturdy sort, probably tweed or corduroy which you wear with the above sweaters or the plaid blouse. The other is a dressier crepe or wool to wear with the frilly white blouse, or the pullover sweater.

6. One nice but inexpensive party dress. Yes, the girls insist on dressing up even if they are working harder and longer than ever before. The men, especially those in uniform, want a pretty frock on the gal they take out to a party, and you will miss lots of nice times if that little dress isn't hanging up in the wardrobe, waiting to be "dated." Don't spend too much money on this sort of dress. You'll be tired of it next season—and so will your escorts.

Now about the foundation garment. You girls are working some of those pounds off, and may think you're slim enough without a girdle. But the gal isn't made who shouldn't wear a firm-fitting foundation. Besides making your clothes fit more sleekly, it gives you better posture, and you'll find your body does not tire so easily. So don't quibble over it—get a girdle and see the difference!

Nice underwear is a problem for a busy girl who hasn't the time to spend washing and ironing it. Knit rayon and cottons are good buys—they wash quickly and do not require ironing. We note down here that girls in war plants are buying more and more crinkle crepe cotton slips and nighties. These too wash quickly and their texture does not require the careful ironing smooth fabrics do—but I always advise a quick brush over with the iron, especially on the seams and hems. Nighties are going to be shorter because of fabric regulations, so you will have less to wash and iron! A dark slip is a good investment. Not that a dark slip doesn't get perspiration marks and odors as quickly as a light one, but you can wear it longer without laundering.

The big thing to remember is that your war job is more important than



Photo courtesy Courtaulds "Quality-Control"

There's a feminine softness about this two-piecer that will appeal to the career girl who likes her clothes pretty as well as practical. It's a spun rayon fabric specially woven for long wear and endurance.

out the dresses, suits, sweaters and skirts we had. We dress them up with diceys, collars, new belts, and everything looks nice and bright if our accessories are just right." Thinking it over, I guess they're right. I've always said the right accessories make a cheap little number look like a \$100 creation!

In buying accessories try to keep your shoes and bags in the same material or the same color. Then if you want to brighten the scene, a bright little hat doesn't cost much, but adds glamour. Spend as much as you possibly can afford on good shoes and bags. These will last you for more than one season (if you are careful of them...) and when you buy other needs, think of your shoes and bags. Here is a list of articles by one of the "Best Dressed Career Girls."

Beautiful,
Dutiful Hands
are Wearing

Alert

You're leading a double life! All war activity and efficiency by day . . . all glamour and femininity after dark! And Cutex Alert is just the nail polish shade to brighten your day and heighten his evening! A brave gay red to match your brave new spirit. Get a bottle today!

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Winter Loveliness



Winter challenges you to look your loveliest at all times. Yet winter presents special beauty problems . . . driving cold out-of-doors and drying heat within! For winter loveliness Helena Rubinstein recommends a clever five-point treatment—two protective, skin-softening creams and three dramatic make-up essentials to keep you radiantly beautiful the whole winter through!

PASTEURIZED FACE CREAM . . . cleanses, soothes . . . unexcelled as a one-cream beauty treatment . . . guards the skin. 1.25, 2.25.

TOWN AND COUNTRY NIGHT CREAM . . . apply before retiring or afternoon siesta. Keeps skin texture firm and supple. 1.25, 2.25.

TOWN AND COUNTRY MAKE-UP FILM . . . a flattering, protective foundation . . . keeps make-up fresh for hours. 1.25, 2.00.

LASTING LIPSTICKS . . . Helena Rubinstein lipsticks, famous for creamy texture and superb colors . . . Red Coral, Apple Red, Red Raspberry, Red Velvet—.85, 1.25, 1.65—refills .50, .75, .95. Matching rouge—compact or rouge en creme 1.25. Refills for compact rouge .75.

APPLE BLOSSOM FACE POWDER . . . preserves the naturalness of your complexion. Peachbloom, Opalescent, Mauresque, Sporting Pink. 1.25,



helena rubinstein

126 BLOOR STREET WEST, TORONTO

Beauty Brevities

WHAT SHAPE are you in these days? Pretty smooth? Or is there a little too much of a good thing here and there?

One of the leading beauty salons has installed a new slenderizing machine, which takes it off just in the right places, by—believe it or not—making your muscles exercise involuntarily. They contract and relax all by themselves with no effort on your part. In fact while they're doing their stuff, you're having a facial and hand massage. After this, you have a deep body massage by an expert Swedish masseuse, who unkinks your muscles and soothes your nerves until you feel as cosy as a kitten on a feather pillow. Then, just as you might be tempted to snatch off forty winks, you're led to a shower, where a Scotch hose whips up your circulation and leaves you in a fine rosy glow.

☆☆
Use your eyes—don't use your head, is the rather confusing advice from Hollywood. However, it all adds up to good sense when you catch the idea. Lead with your eyes because they're your most expressive and alluring feature. When talking to a taller person, don't lift your chin to look at him, raise your eyes and let them do the work. The same rule works when you're looking down. Don't tuck your chin in your neck—look down with your eyes. Also, don't be a head-nodder when you're listening to someone tell a story. Keep your eyes fastened on the speaker. This gives an air of flattering absorption and will earn you a reputation for charm and intelligence.

☆☆
We don't expect men to stop shaving to save steel during wartime, and it's just as senseless to think of forcing women to give up cosmetics and go round with fallow faces and shiny noses. In Britain when the cosmetics supply was drastically curtailed, all kinds of strange concoctions were sold to people through the black market. For example, shoe black was put up in fancy containers and sold as mascara to gullible females, with devastating results to their eyes. So the British Government acted quickly, let up on some of their restrictions, and saw to it that the women who were working their fingers to the bone could still pretty-up after hours—and do it with reputable preparations.

☆☆
Ever soak in a hot bath at the end of the day, when you feel all keyed up and jittery? Next time, try adding a couple of tablespoonfuls of mustard to your bath water—first mixing the dry mustard in a little cold water so it won't float on top. The action of mustard on your skin will make you feel so warm and drowsy that you'll fall asleep as soon as your head hits the pillow—in spite of your plans to lie awake and toss and turn and worry.

Here's another magic trick you can perform with mustard. Next time you use onions in cooking a fine dish for your family—or the next time you work at the canteen and you're chosen as the "fall guy" to peel enough onions for a few hundred soldiers' home-fried potatoes, don't break a date that night because your hands smell to heaven. Rub some dry mustard into your palms and, presto!—the odor's all gone. +

New under-arm Cream Deodorant safely Stops Perspiration



1. Does not harm dresses, or men's shirts. Does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Instantly checks perspiration for 1 to 3 days. Removes odor from perspiration, keeps armpits dry.
4. A pure white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.
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GRAY HAIR

.. and look
10 YEARS YOUNGER



Now, at home, you can quickly and easily tint telltale streaks of gray to natural-looking shades—from lightest blonde to darkest black. Brownatone and a small brush does it—of your money back. Used for 30 years by thousands of women (men, too)—Brownatone is guaranteed harmless. No skin test needed, active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Lasting—does not wash out. Just brush or comb it in. One application imparts desired color. Simply retouch as new gray appears. Easy to prove by tinting a test lock of your hair, 50¢ at drug or toilet counters on a money-back guarantee. Retain your youthful charm. Get BROWNATONE today.

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● If gasping for breath has worn you out . . . if restless sleep has become a stranger . . . try Vapo-Cresolene! Successful for over 60 years! Soothing, harmless, medicated vapors help you breathe more easily, relieve choking sensation. Also relieves paroxysms of whooping cough and spasmodic croup and coughs due to bronchial irritations and colds. Lamp or Electric Vaporizer. Directions enclosed.

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View Looking Up :: Continued from page 11

Sunday evening came too fast. Mary was restless and tugging to be off, back to her "super" school, long before it was time. Callie took her over on the streetcar, and then came back alone, the city outside the moving car, a strange, too-big thing, all dim lights, and sombre buildings and ribbons of fog lifting off the harbor.

There was a car in front of the big rooming house, when Callie reached it, and Peg was waiting in it, with Michael and Stan.

"Hi, Callie Alaska!" Stan jumped out of the back seat and came over to Callie swiftly. "We've been waiting for you. Mike and I have been laboring over a boat we're building, all afternoon. We need you and Peg to come and spill praise over what we've done."

"What kind of boat?" Callie said. There was soft, aching eagerness in the words. "Tim and I had a boat up home, just a small one, built for a kicker, but it was grand for fly fishing—"

"Callie," Stan said, "don't tell me that you fly fish!"

"I'm really pretty good," Callie laughed. "The men—Shorty and Wing, flier friends of my husband's—got so they actually invited me when they went out. In the beginning I used to just tag along."

"Come on, you two," Peg called out, from the car. "Mike says the boathouse will be closed if we don't hurry."

For the first time since she'd come back to it, it seemed to Callie that there was a soft quiet about the city that night. The feeling of rush and tension was gone. She sat in the back seat of the car with Stan, on the way home from the boathouse. They drove along streets of stately homes—sheltered, quiet. The feel of the bay, below, and the mountains pressing protectively against it, was close and big.

Peg's chatter, in the front seat, was bright and constant, and Callie found herself talking and talking, beneath the high flow of it—telling Stan about learning to fly fish, up North, up home, about learning to play poker.

"The men learned bridge for me," she explained laughingly. "So I had to be fair."

"Callie," Stan said, when they reached the rooming house, "I want to see you again soon."

"This is going to be a busy week," Callie slid out of the car quickly. In the front seat Peg and Mike were still talking and laughing. "Red Cross tomorrow, a committee meeting Tuesday. I'm starting out at the hospital very soon now, too."

"You've got yourself involved in a lot of activity in two weeks," Stan said.

"I wanted to. I had to." She stood against the rooming house door, facing him. "Up home the days were so—full. I was always busy. I've got to make it the same here. Don't you see, it's the only answer!"

STAN PUT a quick hand over hers. "You're wrong, Callie Alaska. You've been rushing around trying to fill up your time—thinking it was work that you missed down here. But busy as you've got yourself, it hasn't filled the gap. You're missing something more than just being ceaselessly occupied, you know. You're missing companionship—you're missing men."

"Oh—no!"

Stan told Callie easily, "Oh, yes. You've lived in a man's world up North there, for ten years. Committees of clubwomen and volunteer hospital work aren't going to take its place."

Peg's voice came from the car, too high, her laughter too sharp.

"It's late," Callie said stiffly. "Good night, Stan."

She rushed harder than ever that next week. Peg came in to tell her one evening, "Callie, stop it! You're wearing yourself out, and it's not doing any good. You know it isn't."

Callie stood at the big window, not answering, looking down on lights and water. It was true that the emptiness, the aching sense of loss, weren't lessening. They were a thing apart from her need for Tim. That was separate, and she'd never expected anything to ease it. It was true that she had expected to fill that other emptiness, and that she wasn't succeeding at all.

"But, Peg," she said tightly, "seeing Stan Sturget, talking with him, isn't the answer!"

"There is no answer," Peg said. Her fingers were tense, touching Callie's arm. "But it's a help, and you know it. And anything that's a help is worth grabbing at."

Callie didn't go with Peg and Mike and Stan that night. She pleaded a committee meeting and went, instead, to sit through a show, alone.

Two evenings later, though, she drove out to the boathouse in Stan's car. And Sunday evening the four of them ate a picnic supper, sitting on a pile of planking near the unfinished boat.

Callie told herself, in those days that followed, that she had to write Tim about it. Maybe, if she told Tim, she could make it seem normal and right to ride in a car with a man who wasn't Tim—to talk about fishing, about the sing of a fly line whipping over a stream, and hear a male voice, not Tim's, answering. Maybe—but what kind of words could you use for saying it?

"Tim, there's something missing, and I've got to find it if I'm going to go on down here, without you. I thought it was work, but it's something more than that. This man, Stan, says it's companionship. I've gone out with him several times, Tim, just to see a boat he's building. You've got to understand, Tim—"

How was Tim supposed to understand, when she didn't understand herself? She never sent the letter.

IT WAS the day when Callie finally started work at the emergency hospital that Peg told her, over lunch, "Callie, they're opening a new night spot downtown, tonight. Mike called me. Stan and he want us to go."

Peg was looking at her plate, jabbing away at her lettuce with a fork. "They want to get there early, about six. It's to be dress. I bought a honey this morning! Taffeta skirt, candy-striped top—"

She looked up at Callie then, her eyes hotly dark. "Callie, why not! Up home, Jerry and I used to stage dances every month at our place—we asked in the natives when there wasn't anyone else. We both loved it so! We used to—laugh so much, Callie."

She broke off and pushed her chair



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TO KEEP teeth bright by keeping them properly clean, all you need is water and a cleansing agent—and nothing cleanses more effectively than powder!

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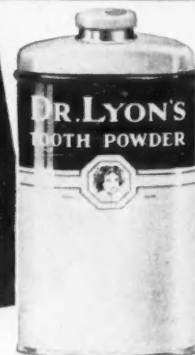
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Because you love
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anything else at the moment. But you will do that job better, and your own and everyone else's morale will reach a new high if you can manage to look your best while you're at it.

Tied-on Buttons, a new and good idea. You know the nuisance of taking off and putting on novelty buttons when you send the dress to the cleaners. Some bright manufacturer thought up the idea of tying the buttons on. Look very swanky, dangling from a bright ribbon.

Button-on and Tie-on lingerie trims are also now the vogue, because you career girls haven't the time to fuss, ripping and resewing collars and cuffs that require frequent washings...

Look Out For Batiste Lingerie. It's getting a new lease of life because it is easy to wash and iron and looks as pretty as can be in slips and nighties...

Shawl Scarves worn on the heads are much thought about down here, especially by the younger career girls. Hand crochet is a favorite—do it in big loose pattern and tie little colored bows all over it. Chenille, wool and even heavy twine are headliners, and look darn cute on the youngsters...

Gay Pinafores are getting a run for their money—also colorful smocks. Busy women, when they get home, like to feminize their working togs and find aprons and artists' smocks are a quick and attractive answer.

Hostess Gowns are another allure-ment the career girl should not overlook. Make them—or buy them—in pretty but practical fabrics that will wash and iron. Colorful prints, gingham, border prints make up easily and beautifully. After a hard day's work—and company coming—slip into your shower, don a hostess gown and He'll think you were titivating for hours, instead of minutes. Funny story about hostess gowns—down here they have been receiving quite a few orders from Hawaii. So the manufacturers started sending some that were loud, but yes! The answer? The American soldiers over there thought they were the real Hawaiian McCoy, bought 'em up, and shipped 'em back to their gal friends in the U.S.

The Chesterfield Coat, with velvet collar, is one of the most popular styles with busy women down here. They find this type of coat fine for working hours, yet dressy enough to wear out to an evening affair. In fact, we're seeing very few actual "evening wraps" these days. Chesterfield and fur coats seem much more practical for the Duration.

Fashions For Spring Will Go "Soft"—and that is because you Career Girls want it that way. While down here we are just starting to draw in our belts on fabrics, colors and accessories, we know that we just have to toe the mark. But give up pretty clothes? Never! So the manufacturers are stressing feminine dresses, dress-maker-type suits, jabot blouses, flower-decked hats for spring. So if you're planning your spring clothes now, don't err on the sterner side, if you want to follow Fifth Avenue. "Glamour goes to War" could well be the slogan for these new styles that are already opening up all over New York. +



Soft
as a snowflake..

Marvellously soft and delicate are these two exquisite powders—POUDRE SIMON and LA NOUVELLE POUDRE SIMON, the former a miracle of lightness and fineness: the latter as skilfully blended, but a trifle heavier. In many basic shades to harmonise with every type of complexion.

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heard the door next to hers, opening—Peg's door.

"You must be Callie Dorley," A man was standing there in Peg's doorway, and for a single lurching moment Callie had the feeling that it was Tim. But it was only the uniform that was like Tim's. The man wearing the uniform was broader, heavier.

"Is something wrong?" Callie said. The words were a whisper, thin, twisted. "Is it—Tim? Has something happened—"

"Nothing's happened. I haven't come about Tim," the man said. "I'm Jerry Walder, Peg's husband." His voice was slow. "Peg's told me a lot about you."

Callie stood very still, waiting for the lurching feeling to go, waiting for things to steady out again.

"Peg's husband," she repeated. And then she remembered. "I can reach Peg for you," she said, her voice swift. "There was a sort of—important affair tonight. A nuisance, really, but Peg felt she just had to go—"

Jerry Walder wasn't saying a word. Behind him, then, Callie saw the confusion of Peg's room. A florist's box, tissue in which a corsage had nestled, a forgotten compact. It was, unmistakably, a room in which a woman had dressed, to go to a party with a man.

"I'm here just for the night," Jerry said. His voice was tired, heavy. "There was no chance to let Peg know until I got in. And then I just thought I'd surprise her—"

On a chair near the door, beside his officer's cap, were stacked a bulky box of candy, unwrapped, a lavish-shaped perfume bottle—the kind of things a man buys in haste, on the way home to his wife.

"Look," Callie said jerkily, "come over to my place and wait for Peg. I'll call her. It will only take a little while. She'll be so—terribly glad, Jerry. You don't know."

She got him into her little flat, into the one comfortable chair. She found him a book, an ash tray. And then she made for the phone, downstairs.

Peg's voice was surprised, startled, when Callie got her. "Callie, what is it? What's up?"

"Peg," Callie said, "Jerry is here. Just for tonight. I think he came down to ferry a bomber up. I've got him at my place. Peg, hurry!"

"Callie," Peg said. Her voice was stiff. "Callie—no! Not like this. He'll never understand—"

"Peg, hurry," Callie said. And then under her breath she whispered, "Oh, darling, I'm sorry!"

She stood at the phone, holding to it tight, for a moment after Peg was gone. It could have been Tim, tonight—Tim, in unexpectedly, to spend a night. That was the thought pressing against her. It could have been Tim, coming in to surprise her, with candy and perfume, with aching anticipation, to a home that was no home at all.

They'd forgotten about making those rooms into homes—Peg and she. In the rush and hurry and confusion, they'd

lost sight completely of the one thing that would have mattered.

On a quick impulse, Callie lifted the receiver again, and put in a call for Mary's school. "I'm sending a cab for Mary," she told the teacher in charge. "I want her home for tonight. It's—very important."

She hurried then, and there was a purpose to the hurry that hadn't been there in all the other days she'd spent in Vancouver. Her fingers were trembling as she pulled off her coat, back in her flat, and fumbled in the closet for an apron.

"You and Peg must have some supper here with us," she said to Jerry Walder. Hurry, hurry. Keep talking, keep him from thinking. "With my little girl and me. It won't be much. But you and Peg can do your real celebrating later, while I'm getting my youngster to bed."

Chipped beef on toast. It was easy. They'd had it for late suppers so often, up home. It could be managed on a gas plate.

She set up a card table close to the window, and rooted down in one of the bags she'd brought from home, for a cloth—a gay gingham one, with fringed edges. The landlady had left her a few dishes, and she got them down now, dividing them around for four places, making them do.

There was tea enough. There was a can of peaches. She moved swiftly, guided by years of hurrying up meals to suit the comings and goings of a commercial plane. There was a single geranium blossom in the old-fashioned, neglected plant stand, and she cut it off and thrust it into a bowl for the table.

"I think I hear my daughter coming," she laughed, at last. "That clatter of noise couldn't be anyone else."

Her eyes went around the room swiftly, in the way of a woman checking against the arrival of her family, home for a meal. Warm ripples of color moved in her cheeks. She put up her hand and pushed at her hair, damp with cooking steam, as it hadn't been damp since she'd come here.

"Mother!" Mary's braids were flying as she pushed open the door. She stopped then, looking around incredulously. "Aren't we going out? Are we going to eat here? Just together—"

"Chipped beef on toast," Callie said swiftly. She went to Mary, taking her hand. "Darling, we have company—from where do you think? From up near home! Peg's husband, Captain Walder."

Jerry stood up slowly. His eyes were still so dark, so terribly tired, so full of the strain of a job that he had to do, and Tim had to do, so that there'd be homes left, somewhere, safe, for women to live in, and men to come back to, Callie knew now. Her throat was full and tight with knowing.

"Gosh!" Mary went directly to Jerry Walder. She put a small steady hand against his arm. "Gosh, you look like Dad in that. You look super!"

Jerry put his pipe down on the small

✦ Continued on next page

SAVE FATS!

Our wartime explosives program for 1943 must have 35,000,000 lb. of fats saved in Canadian kitchens and turned in to local salvage collections.

Strain all spare drippings and fats into a wide-mouthed tin can. Store in a cool place to keep from turning rancid. When the container is full, cover, wrap in paper or bag, mark it plainly "Fat," and put out for the garbage collection. Or turn it in to your local butcher who will pay you the fixed salvage price of 4½ cents per lb.

Remember: One pound of fat, when converted into nitro-glycerine, will fire four anti-aircraft shells.



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Airline Hostess often serves 21 full course dinners in a few minutes; yet every-few-seconds handwashings do not roughen or chap her soft, smoothly feminine hands.



Home-making hands, too, want protection against harsh dryness. "Watery" jobs tend to deprive your hand skin of its natural softening moisture. But rely on Jergens.



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To Help Prevent Many Colds From Developing. At the first sniffle, sneeze or sign of nasal irritation, put a few drops of Va-tro-nol up both nostrils right away. Feel this special medication go to work. Va-tro-nol is so effective because it is designed to aid your natural defenses against colds and help prevent many colds from developing... IF YOU SHOULD HAVE A HEAD COLD, Va-tro-nol does three important things to relieve distress. (1) Shrinks swollen membranes. (2) Soothes irritation. (3) Helps clear out nasal passages. Makes breathing easier! Follow directions in folder.

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**VICKS
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Complete Details of Vicks ABC Plan in Your Package of Vicks.

back. "All right, Callie, so there are women who can't do without men, and so I'm one of them! Can I help that? I'm going tonight, Callie. You can do as you like, but I'm going!"

Callie was tired, tense, when she came out of the old New Westminster home, late that afternoon. A hospital was beginning to take shape, within the big house, but the work was strange and difficult. It needed concentration, and Callie hadn't been able to give it that, hard as she'd tried.

Stan was waiting in his car, when she came down the walk. "Hello Callie," he said, as he jumped out to open the car door for her. "How did the first day go?"

"Stan," Callie said swiftly, "about tonight—thanks, but I'm not going. If you want to drive me home—"

"I'm planning to drive you home," Stan said easily, "so that you can change. Didn't Peg tell you? It's to be dressy, and very gay! They have an orchestra that's the swing hottest thing on the Pacific Coast, I understand. I had to pull every wire I knew, to get us reservations."

He swung the car out into traffic. "We'll need to hurry. Peg and Mike have gone on ahead. Mike had some people he wanted to meet."

"But, Stan—" Callie broke off then, and leaned back against the car cushions. She was tired. It was good to sit back in Stan's car, and let him take over.

Misty, early evening grey closed in about the car. Home lights twinkled on in warm blots, all around them. Wearily, Callie closed her eyes.

"All right, Callie, so there are women who can't do without men, and I'm one of them."

Maybe it was the same with all women who had lived too long in the North. Maybe it was true that you couldn't know man talk and man laughter for ten years, and then shut it out of your days and go on without it. Maybe you couldn't live with a vacuum of emptiness inside you, indefinitely!

"Can you hurry it up, Callie?" Stan's eyes were dark, excited, as he stopped the car in front of the rooming house.

"Peg had a new dress," Callie said. "I've nothing startling enough for a night club opening, Stan."

He caught at her hands, and his own were quick, eager. "You have yourself, Callie Alaska." He bent down swiftly and kissed her.

Callie didn't move at all. She didn't jerk away, she didn't even pull her hands free. She just waited, very still, until his lips were no longer touching hers.

"So this went with what you thought I was missing, too," she said. She didn't need to pull her hands away. He had let them go himself.

She put her fingers up, rubbing them against the coldness of her mouth. "This goes with—what I thought I was missing."

She slid out of the car. She stood close to it, not touching it—facing him. "It doesn't matter. I wouldn't have been any good at your party tonight, anyway—at any party. Good night, Stan." She moved back stiffly. "Good-bye."

THE MIST was heavy, blinding, as she went up the steps. In the hallway of the rooming house the landlady called out something to her. But Callie didn't stop. She was running, stumbling a little.

She had her key in the lock when she

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AIR-SICK REMEDY

If You Suffer Distress From

**Monthly FEMALE
WEAKNESS**



**And Want To
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If you, like so many women and girls suffer from cramps, backache, distress of "irregularities", blue spells—due to functional monthly disturbances—

Start at once—take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound TABLETS (with added iron). They not only help relieve monthly pain but also round out, tired, nervous feelings of this nature. This is due to their soothing effect on ONE OF WOMAN'S MOST IMPORTANT ORGANS.

Taken regularly—Pinkham's Tablets help build up resistance against such symptoms. Their iron makes them a fine hematic tonic to help build up red blood to give more strength, vigor and energy. Worth trying!

For free trial bottle tear this out and send with name and address to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., 203 Tucker St., Lynn, Mass.

Diplomatic Lady into LADY DIPLOMAT

by ROSA L. SHAW

ANYONE WHO would like to put the biography of Mary Craig McGeachy in a nutshell could do it with the words, "diplomatic lady into lady diplomat." But, like most catch phrases, this one would tell only part of the story of the Sarnia, Ontario, girl who made the headlines by being appointed to the rank of a First Secretary at the British Embassy in Washington.

She got there, actually, by the old-fashioned route of hard work. Not the timid, unimaginative kind of hard work done by many women in their jobs, going through the same painstaking set of motions faithfully day in and day out, year after year, until age overtakes them in their well-worn rut. Miss McGeachy's brand of hard work has an intelligent, driving purpose behind it. She has learned everything she could about every job she has done, so that each task accomplished has served as another rung in the ladder of success. She realized early, as a future diplomat should, the value of cultivating people, and her name became known in influential quarters while she was still doing work that doesn't qualify for the limelight.

Mary McGeachy was a brilliant student at school and University of Toronto, and after a spot of teaching in Hamilton went to Europe in 1928 to do student relief work.

From this she went to a post in the secretariat of the League of Nations, being appointed to the Information Section in 1930 of which she was acting-director when the League "folded" after the fall of France in 1940.

The League's secretariat was a sort of international Civil Service employing hundreds of workers. And so a member of the Canadian delegation to the League Assembly six or seven years ago was mildly surprised and more than mildly impressed at being told by an experienced Canadian statesman at Geneva, "Don't make any mistake about it. Miss McGeachy is going to be an important person some day."

WHAT IS she like, this Canadian who became the British Empire's first woman diplomat just before her thirty-eighth birthday? She is slim, a bit over medium height but at first seeming taller. Ash-blond hair. A pleasant smile. Soft voice, speaking always in



Mary Craig McGeachy, the girl from Sarnia, Ont., who has become the British Empire's first woman diplomat. She is a First Secretary at the British Legation at Washington.

—Kersh.

Can you date these fashions?

Fill in the date for each picture, then read corresponding paragraph below for correct answer.



Courtesy Vogue

Only daring women bobbed their hair. People cranked cars by hand—sang "Over There". Women marched in suffrage parades. It was 1918 and army hospitals in France were desperately short of cotton for surgical dressings... welcomed a new invention, Cellucotton* Absorbent. Nurses started using it for sanitary pads... thus started the Kotex idea, destined to bring new freedom to women.



Courtesy Harper's Bazaar

Stockings were black or white. Flappers wore open galoshes. Valentino played "The Sheik". People boasted about their radios... crystal sets with earphones. And women were talking about the new idea in personal hygiene... disposable Kotex* sanitary napkins, comfortable, truly hygienic. Women by the millions welcomed this new product, advertised in 1921 at 65c per dozen.



Courtesy Vogue

Waistlines and hemlines nearly got together. Red nail polish was new and daring. "The Desert Song". Slave bracelets. The year was 1926 when women by the millions silently paid a clerk as they picked up a "ready wrapped" package of Kotex. The pad was now improved... made narrower while gauze was softened to increase comfort. New rounded ends replaced the original square corners.



Courtesy McCall's

Platinum Blondes and miniature golf were the rage. Skirts dripped uneven hemlines... began to cling more closely. Could makers of sanitary pads keep pace with this new style—the close-fitting skirts of 1930? Again Kotex pioneered... perfected flat, pressed ends. Only Kotex, of all leading brands, offers this patented feature—ends that don't show because they are not stubby—do not cause telltale lines.



Courtesy Harper's Bazaar

Debutantes danced the Big Apple. "Gone With the Wind" a best seller. An American woman married the ex-King of England. And a Consumers' Testing Board of 600 women was enthusiastic about Kotex improvements in 1937. A double-duty safety centre—best feature ever developed to prevent roping and twisting—to increase protection by hours. And fluffy Wonder-soft edges for a new high in softness!



*T. M. Reg. Can. Pat. Off.

Service is the theme today. Clothes are made of milk, shoes of glass, yet Cellucotton Absorbent is still preferred by leading hospitals. Still used in Kotex, too, choice of more women than all other brands of pads put together. For Kotex is made for service—made to stay soft while wearing. None of that snowball sort of softness that packs hard under pressure. And no wrong side to cause accidents! Today's best-buy—only 25c.

This Finer, New Type Face Powder Makes Complexions

Years Younger



Give Your Complexion New Softness, New Smoothness with This New Type Face Powder



A transparent loveliness that lets *your* natural beauty come through. That is what you will find in this New Formula Three Flowers Face Powder . . . a powder that is lighter—finer in texture.

Three Flowers New Formula Face Powder lightens complexion cares . . . it doesn't streak or "cake" as it leaves its softness . . . the smoothness of youth . . . as a flattering veil to *your* natural beauty.

Three Flowers Face Powder clings longer . . . wears better. It's modern. It's created for girls who are busier than ever. Between war activities, welfare work, committee meetings and extra jobs, there just isn't time for those continual "powder-touchups".

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GREASELESS STAINLESS
PROMOTES HEALING

How COLDS affect YOUR KIDNEYS



The kidneys are very delicate organs, easily affected, especially by a cold. Their duty is to filter impurities and excess acids from the blood. When you have a cold—or any other ailment which creates added poisons in the system—extra work is thrown upon your kidneys. To help keep the

kidneys in good order, to help clear your system of excess acids and poisons caused by colds or other ailments, use Dodd's Kidney Pills, a favourite remedy for more than half a century.

Dodd's Kidney Pills

table, slowly. A scatter of ashes moved behind it. The sharp smell of tobacco was warm and close in the room.

"Mary," Callie said, and her voice was suddenly urgent, "you must wash up, darling. Hurry now."

There was a rush of steps outside, of small feet, in high heels. There was the soft wish of a dress that was new.

"Jerry," Peg whispered, from the doorway, "Jerry—"

JERRY SAID his wife's name, just once. Callie heard it. There were hurt and bewilderment in the saying of it, but there was hope, too—hope come of the warmth of a room where food is bubbling hot on a gas plate, where a woman has laid a table for supper, where the feel of a home place is.

Callie knew then. It was a home that she and Peg had been missing. That was the emptiness, the awful sense of loss.

You could build a home without having a man in it, if just the feel of him and the thought of him and the love of him were there. If there was the hope that even once in weeks, he might come for a night, for a meal. Just long enough so that the smell of his tobacco, the sound of his voice, could touch the rooms, for remembering later. A book he'd read, open against a chair, a pipe he'd smoked, some little thing he'd said.

"Mother, I ate once, but I'm starved again," Mary announced.

Callie faced her, smiling unsteadily, her back to Peg Walder and her husband. "Mugs, is there ever a time when you aren't starved?"

Close in front of her the big bay window showed warm clutters of lights. For just a second Callie's fingers went up, touching the glass—high up.

There was sky above those dim lights down there, sky enough for northern planes to come through, any night, for bombers to go out, any dawn—for wings to dip in quiet signals. By tipping your head ever so little, you could see the whole great blot of it. Any window had a view looking up if you faced it right.

"Come on along," Callie said to Mary, and to Peg and Jerry Walder, and to a man who wasn't there, but some night would be. "Supper's on, you guys!" +

Spotlight on Nursing

Continued from page 9

duty and group nursing in hospitals, and to go to rural areas where they are most needed. (Some 75 per cent of Canada's registered nurses serve in urban areas.)

The Dominion Government has recognized the threat to Canada's nursing services by providing grants for advanced training of teachers, supervisors, administrators, and for other projects deemed advisable for the maintenance and extension of nursing personnel.

Since the outbreak of war an increase of approximately 1,000 students has taken place in schools of nursing throughout Canada, bringing the total nurses-in-training to about 11,000. An impressive figure, but still not enough, according to the profession's long-range view. This year the goal is a recruitment of 5,000 probationers—healthy young women of 18 years or over, mentally alert, and keen to enter one of humanity's most honored professions. +



FACTS ABOUT A VITAL PROBLEM

every wife
should understand

Safe new way in feminine
hygiene gives continuous
action for hours!

• Your happiness—your very health—can depend on whether or not you know the real facts about the vital problem of feminine hygiene!

Many women, who think they know, depend on out-dated or dangerous information . . . make the mistake of relying on weak, ineffective "home-made" mixtures . . . or risk using over-strong solutions of acids which can burn and injure delicate tissues. Today modern, well-informed women everywhere have turned to Zonitors—the new, safe, convenient way in feminine hygiene.

Zonitors are dainty, snow-white suppositories which spread a greaseless, protective coating . . . and kill germs instantly at contact. Deodorize—not by temporarily masking—but by destroying odors. Cleanse antiseptically and give continuous medication for hours.

Yet Zonitors are safe for delicate tissues. Powerful—yet non-poisonous, non-caustic. Even help promote gentle healing. No apparatus; nothing to mix. At all druggists.

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Try this famous Skin Bleach and Beautifier, Mercolized Wax Cream. Its effective ingredients hasten the natural activity of the skin in flaking off lifeless, dull or darkened surface skin. This complexion lightener used as directed reveals the whiter, newer underskin.

SAXOLITE ASTRINGENT tightens loose surface skin, gives a delightful sense of freshness. Reduces excess surface oil. Dissolve Saxolite Astringent in one-half pint witch hazel and use this tingling face lotion daily. **PHELACTIONE DEPLATORY** removes unsightly facial hair quickly. Easy to use. No unpleasant odor.

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FREE—OUR BIG 1943 SEED AND NURSERY BOOK—Better Than Ever 15c
DOMINION SEED HOUSE, GEORGETOWN, ONT.

"I've Gone Back to the Old Job"

Continued from page 13

to cook were impossible. The big thing, however, was planning. Without it meals were sketchy and monotonous.

We tried to get regular rest, and held rigidly to a schedule of medical and dental checkups each six months. We found that our doctors' and dentists' bills were less than before.

Entertaining was cut to a minimum. Our friends were given to understand that they were welcome, but that we could not and would not entertain if a "spread" were expected. Consistent late nights, of course, were taboo. Some, whom we thought were good friends, turned out to be not so faithful. They stopped coming. But we made many new and interesting friends. Most of them were couples living the same kind of lives as ourselves. And we found them more stimulating than some of our former friends. They each had a job to do, and their minds were much more alert.

As to maintaining personal appearance, we sent something to the cleaners each week, so that everything which needed that care got it in regular turn. And we put ourselves on a schedule for personal care.

We devised a way to keep the cat and dog. A small opening was cut in the cellar door so that they could come and go from the fenced backyard at will. They always had water in the cellar. And they soon learned to expect their one meal a day at the same time.

This way of life was not worked out overnight, but was developed by trial and error. It was only made possible because both parties accepted the changes it necessitated. Its success was assured by co-operation—which extended to cooking and housework by my husband—and without such co-operation we could never have made a go of it.

We found compensations. We were sharing work and pleasures to a greater degree than ever before. We made new friends. But despite all this, I wouldn't like to think my home life was going on this way forever. I like my home and my possessions. And I like to think that I can go back to them for good some day, and share them with a family. But as an experiment in an emergency, this way of life has been interesting and quite livable. +

Descriptions of Patterns

- 4521—Sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20. Size 16 requires 3 1/4 yards of 39-inch material. A purchased belt is used. Price, 25 cents.
- 4538—Sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20. Size 16 requires 3 1/4 yards of 35-inch material or 3 yards of 39-inch material. Price, 25 cents.
- 4515—Sizes 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 18. Size 15 requires 1 3/4 yards of 35-inch or 39-inch material with or without nap for short skirt. 1 3/4 yards of 35-inch or 39-inch material with or without nap for bolero. Lining for bolero: 1 3/4 yards of 39-inch material. Long skirt requires 2 3/4 yards of 39-inch material with or without nap. Long-sleeve bolero requires 1 1/2 yards of material with or without nap of 35-inch or 39-inch. Lining requires 1 1/2 yards of 39-inch material. Price, 20 cents.
- 4527—Sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20. Size 16 requires 3 1/2 yards of 39-inch material. Price, 25 cents.
- 4528—Sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20. Size 16 requires 2 1/4 yards of 35-inch or 39-inch checked or plain material for top. 2 1/4 yards of 35-inch material or 2 1/4 of 39-inch material for trousers, top facing, tie belt and collar. Price, 15 cents.
- 4524—Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42. Size 38 requires 4 1/4 of 35-inch material or 4 3/4 yards of 39-inch material. Price, 20 cents.
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STUBBLE TROUBLE. Pop used to growl at smart and scrapes. Now, with Noxzema, his shaves are quick, cool, smooth.

**NO MORE
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• It's surprising how many of life's irritations are skin troubles! That's why Noxzema is the busiest jar in millions of homes. Because it's not just a cosmetic cream. It's a medicated formula that contains cool, soothing, medicinal ingredients—a grand aid to healing externally-caused blemishes, chapped hands, burns, chafing, shaving irritation. It softens, helps smooth skin—softens tough whiskers, too. Apply before lathering or as a brushless shave. Hundreds of professional

people including scores of nurses use Noxzema. See how much it will do to help your family. Get a jar today at any drug or department store. Inexpensive trial size, also 39¢, 59¢, \$1.25.

★ **MEN IN THE SERVICE WANT NOXZEMA**—use it for sunburn, windburn, chafing, tired burning feet, and especially for cool, soothing shaves! Makes shaving easier even in cold water.



**Holeproof
Luxsheer
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• Sheerer! Duller! Holeproof's new High-Twist process is the secret of increased elasticity, greater resistance to snagging.

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So Shipyard Riggers . . . Racing to Tighten Scaffolding . . . Take ASPIRIN for almost instant relief!

Miles of scaffolding needed . . . today! Support for the big cranes and derricks! Parts to be swung aboard-ship. Tremendous guns to be fitted. Riggers race. They can't wait for a stuffed head . . . a fever. So when painful cold symptoms strike, war workers take Aspirin! For Aspirin brings relief . . . FAST! And Aspirin is so dependable. Why let the pains and aches of a cold get you down. Be prepared . . . with some Aspirin!

Aspirin is made in Canada, and "Aspirin" is the trade-mark of The Bayer Company, Limited. If you don't see the Bayer Cross on each tablet, it isn't Aspirin.

WHY ASPIRIN WORKS SO FAST

Drop an Aspirin Tablet in a glass of water. Instantly it starts to disintegrate. In 2 seconds, it's ready to begin its work. That's what happens in your stomach when you take Aspirin . . . hence almost INSTANT RELIEF!

ASPIRIN

LESS THAN
1¢ A TABLET
in the economy
bottle



quiet, even tones. Agreeable and persuasive of manner, never aggressive. And she loves to cook!

Her Scottish ancestry could be guessed from her personality. Doubtless it gave her that capacity for hard work, that diligence and determination to succeed. There's a quality of shrewd judgment about her, too, and she has not made the mistake of ignoring the value of publicity in this competitive modern world where an able woman still gets the occasional hard knock and doesn't easily obtain recognition of her knowledge and skill.

Miss McGeachy's specialty is economic warfare. What that means, simply, is preventing the enemy from obtaining vital war requirements such as machinery, metals, oil, rubber, chemicals, wool, cotton, leather and foodstuffs. It involves accurate data on the supplies he has, the synthetics he has developed, the materials he is trying to get and where. Miss McGeachy acquired a wide knowledge of these subjects while she was in the Information Section at Geneva and has put it to invaluable use in her former post with the Ministry of Economic Warfare in London, later as the Ministry's public relations officer in Washington and now at the British Embassy where her work has been given diplomatic status with her appointment as one of several officials, each of whom holds the rank of First Secretary.

HER TASK as public relations officer was largely to explain to Americans why Britain was obliged to blockade Europe. The United States did not come into the war until more than a year later, and many Americans did not understand that if supplies were permitted to enter conquered European countries there was no way of keeping them from the Germans. The quaint idea still prevailed in some minds that Hitler could be trusted to some extent.

Remember how some of us called it a "phony" war those first few months? Says Miss McGeachy, "It was anything but a phony war." Economic warfare was on in full force, in silent battles to prevent supplies from reaching the Germans. Miss McGeachy watched it from Geneva.

If you did not, like many others, grasp the fact of economic warfare in those days, do you know this now—that when the United Nations forces invade Europe they will carry with them vast quantities of food, clothing and medical supplies to distribute immediately to the peoples of the countries they will set free? The Canadian woman diplomat is working on that very thing. She knows how much of

Money on Active Service!

The Canadian Government has placed orders for nearly ten million woollen underwear outfits for the fighting services—enough to fill a clothesline stretching from Montreal to Liverpool, England! To pay for them, it will take a string of War Savings Stamps about 1,450 miles long.

Our fighting forces entrust precious messages to carrier pigeons. These birds must not fail for want of food. One War Savings Stamp will buy a month's feed. Let's buy a bushel!

One 25-cent War Savings Stamp will pay for 12 bandages to dress a fighting man's wounds.

BUY WAR SAVINGS STAMPS REGULARLY.

"It's hard to believe
such simple care
keeps hair so LOVELY!"



YES, hard to believe—but easy to prove! In one quick application; without wasting a minute of time! For all you do is sprinkle Danderine on your comb or brush, and let this active formula do all the work as you arrange your hair.

See for yourself how daily brushing or combing with Danderine keeps hair cleaner, more lustrous, lively-looking without tedious massage—how it removes loose dandruff, and even makes hair easier to arrange. You'll find waves lasting longer, too! Start using Danderine now!

Danderine

The modern, time-saving way to lovelier hair

Danderine is for men, too. Thousands use it every day. All drug and department stores.



The
same high quality
FOR 70 YEARS

When cuts, scratches, bruises, burns and other minor injuries occur, you don't put your trust in some unknown remedy. No, you use an old familiar standby like 'Vaseline' Petroleum Jelly. It has been used by three generations of Canadian mothers. 'Vaseline' Jelly is scientifically prepared and purified. Always look for the trademark 'Vaseline' on the jar or tube.

Made by Chesebrough Manufacturing Co., Con'd.

Vaseline

TRADE MARK
PETROLEUM JELLY

each commodity will be needed in France, Belgium, the Netherlands, Norway, Greece and the other conquered lands. The stockpiles will be ready to be loaded on the relief ships, and Europe will receive the biggest grocery, clothing and medical supplies order ever made up and delivered, at the moment the flaming sword of vengeance strikes down the oppressors.

This and related work keeps Miss McGeachy at her desk from 9.30 in the morning until 7.30 at night. Lunch, she says, is usually "a bite in a canteen" or a business engagement. In the evening she goes home to her house in a quaint little street in Washington's Georgetown.

Miss McGeachy is as expert in the kitchen as she is in economic warfare, and loves to turn her hand to a spot of cooking after the day's grind at the office. When she left Geneva, all she was able to carry away had to go into two bags, and she is still a mourning for the collection of cookbooks she had to leave behind.

There's a guest room in the picturesque Georgetown house, much in demand by visiting British women who revel in the chance of getting their clothes laundered and mended after much travel.

JUST HOW (we asked Miss McGeachy when she was in Ottawa recently) does one get to be a lady diplomat? There are two ways, she replied. One, which she does not recommend, is to use political pull. The result probably will be an unsuitable person in a job which will give her a thoroughly miserable time. The other method is through appointment of a woman who has already done the kind of work the post calls for, thus giving, in effect, recognition to an achievement.

Now, diplomats being only human, just like the rest of us, they have their share of ordinary ills and aches. When Miss McGeachy managed to take time out to the extent of a couple of days to come to Ottawa, she went into session with a dentist on the subject of an abscessed tooth which she hadn't found time to have treated in Washington. And she ran into something which bothered her far more, and put her diplomatic manner of dealing with people to a severe test. This was a determined agitation on the part of a small group for what they called "a woman at the peace conference table." On the face of it, that might appear a good idea. But, like the woman diplomat business, it depends on the person you pick. Just any woman won't do. A vociferous, aggressive one, for instance, who did not have any knowledge of the issues involved in setting the world to rights, would be disastrous.

Miss McGeachy says straight out that this kind of pressure is definitely dangerous. She knows that if a big responsibility is to be given a woman, one which will affect the entire world and every person in it, then that woman must have the highest possible qualifications for it. The decisions made at the peace conference at the end of this war will be more important than any ever made in the history of the human race.

It would not surprise some people if Miss McGeachy herself will play a role in the peace conference, even if behind the scenes where the experts on the issues involved will be hard at work on the vital details. +

Quick Relief for THROBBING



COLD WEATHER JOINTS

When the icy wind cuts through you, does it lay you up with painful, grinding "cold-weather joints"? Absorbine Jr. brings speedy relief from such winter torture!

Normally, little blood vessels feed joints lubricating fluid. Cold constricts blood vessels. Makes joints "grind".

Rub on Absorbine Jr.! Feel the warmth spread, as it speeds up the blood flow—helps nature quickly counteract the effects of cold. Soon your joints "glow" with relief. At all drug-gists. \$1.25 a bottle. Write W. F. Young Inc., 286 St. Paul St. West, Montreal, Que., for a free sample.

FAMOUS also for relieving Athlete's Foot, Strains, Bruises

ABSORBINE JR.

GOT CATARRH?

New British Remedy, 'NOSTROLINE,' instantly relieves your Catarrh. Cears head. Opens breathing passages. Stops nasal discharge. 'NOSTROLINE' acts in 30 seconds. Defeats infection in nose, throat and chest. Ends Head Colds overnight. Banishes Head Noises. It must be 'NOSTROLINE.' 50c. all Druggists.

'NOSTROLINE'
CLIFTON, BRISTOL, ENGLAND

PART TIME

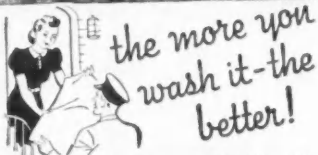
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Office Addenda

by Carolyn Damon

You've never seen so many blouses as there are in the shop windows these-a-days, have you? They're practically office fixtures for the working girl. Here's a softer number (above) with a bit of ruching down the front for glamour's sake. Takes away the too-severe-suit-look.



Swing into a breezy little wool number, like above, with your suit when you're changing over from sweet to sporting. Two shiny gold fish (or is it fishes) like these make perky charms. This sweater, in a high yellow, mates nicely with the blue suit on page 24.



Frills are fun when you wear them with simple tailored things. Gay as these look, they're easily washable and pressable. It's a good idea to draw the neckline of your dress on a piece of paper when buying neckwear. Likelier to fit. Either of these would be good on the dress on page 25.



Nothing can beat the good old crisp striped shirtwaist with a tailored suit. Lady, it looks like business, and you need at least one.

LARGE MUSTARD PLASTERS HELPED SECURE quick relief



Mrs. J. C. Booty, Regina, Sask.

"Although you would not realize it today, I was a delicate child when I was young, and took colds easily," said Mrs. J. C. Booty of Regina, Saskatchewan. "To combat them I wore many a mustard plaster and I often tell my family that mustard helped me greatly at a time when my strength was severely taxed."

A Simple Treatment But the Best

"When I contracted Rheumatic Fever I had two doctors attending me. Both agreed on the same treatment which consisted of strong mustard plasters, which were put right around me and left on for not more than twenty minutes, until I felt the heat of the mustard working through me. Then they were removed and a little oil put on the skin to keep it from burning. I can honestly say the mustard plasters were real helpers. Gradually the pain left me and I recovered nicely. I am convinced that although mustard is a simple treatment, which can be used so easily in the home, it is nevertheless one of the very best. Of course, when the symptoms are serious a doctor should be consulted."

Graduates Strength to Age of Patient

"When I had occasion to use light mustard plasters for my children when they were young," Mrs. Booty said, "I mixed one tablespoon of mustard with five tablespoons of flour. As the children grew older I increased the amount

of mustard depending on the circumstances. These last few years I have made many plasters using half mustard and half flour. Of course I always put a little oil or vaseline on after the mustard application is removed."

Mustard Helps Get Results

The strongest proof that mustard is reliable in treating many ailments is the fact that thousands, like Mrs. Booty, use it year after year. Let mustard help to relieve you when you have chills or colds, or when you feel depressed by gripe or some other Winter infection. Use it to help relieve pains of neuralgia, rheumatism, arthritis, neuritis, over-tired muscles or other ailments which commonly affect you.

Be sure that you use famous Keen's Mustard, made entirely from pure mustard seed of highest quality and packed in convenient tins to ensure its uniform quality and full medicinal strength. Sold by grocers and druggists everywhere.

Free Booklet Describes Medicinal Use of Mustard

Write Reckitt & Colman (Canada) Limited, Station T, Montreal, for handy, free booklet, "The Mustard Treatment for Rheumatic Pains and Other Disorders", describing the medicinal use of mustard and the standard methods of using this remedy.



KEEN'S
DOUBLE SUPER FINE
MUSTARD

Made from Full-Strength Mustard Seed

Take part of your change from your grocer in War Savings Stamps

Chatelaine Service Bulletins on Beauty Culture

Concise — Authentic — Essentially Helpful

HOW TO BE FRESH AS A FLOWER

Service Bulletin No. 19 — 5 cents

HOW TO CARE FOR YOUR HAIR

Bulletin No. 16 — 10 cents

BEAUTIFUL HANDS

Bulletin No. 15 — 5 cents

A LOVELY SKIN

Bulletin No. 18 — 10 cents

DRESSING YOUR FACE

Bulletin No. 17 — 10 cents

Order from CHATELAINE SERVICE BULLETINS, 481 University Avenue, Toronto



"LISTEN TO 'EM — BZZ-BZZING ABOUT ME BEHIND MY BACK!"

"You'd think grownups'd have some respect for a baby's privacy!"

"But no—there's my mother telling that Mrs. Flanagan what a *dreadful* time she had with me last week when I was chafed and prickly!"

"Ha! I was the one who had the dreadful time—till she got smart and bought Johnson's Baby Powder! I've a good notion to start yelling again and embarrass her . . . WaaaaH!"

"That did it! Here comes the lovely Johnson's! Mmmm—how soft and silky and simply scrumptious! . . . What, Mommy? Will I smile for Mrs. Flanagan and show her what a bright baby I am?"

"I'll smile all right — and I'm even brighter than you think!"



Babies know a good thing when they feel it! That's why they all go for downy, soothing Johnson's Baby Powder to help chase away chafes and prickles. And Johnson's keeps a baby slick — for very little money!

**JOHNSON'S
BABY POWDER**

MEAL PLANNING Made Easy With Our "COOKBOOKLETS"

Whether it's a simple tid-bit for an informal party, a thrifty dish from some leftovers, a delectable cake, or a luscious roast—you'll find them in gay and exciting variety in the "Cookbooklets". There are twenty "Cookbooklets" in the series, each one complete in itself. Illustrated on every page!

Ask Your Newsdealer to show you the "Cookbooklets"—25c. each, or write direct to

Trans-Canada News Company, 210 Dundas Street W., Toronto, Ont.

You'll be talking about



United Artists

IN WHICH WE SERVE. The story of a British destroyer and her men, and of the families that wait at home. Noel Coward wrote, directed and acted the lead role in it—and in his spare time round the studio scored the incidental music. A thoroughly good job, too!

Above: Christmas dinner aboard *H.M.S. Torrin*, when the Captain's wife gives the toast. A sailor's wife is to be pitied, she says, because there is always in her life an undefeated rival—her husband's ship! But, "Ladies and Gentlemen, I give you my rival—it is extraordinary that anyone could be so fond and so proud of their most implacable enemy, this ship. God bless this ship and all who sail in her!"



M-G-M

JOURNEY FOR MARGARET. Take a man's size handkerchief with you when you go to see this remarkable new movie. It's remarkable because of the two children, Peter (Billy Severn) and Margaret (Margaret O'Brien) and their wonderfully touching, unself-conscious performance as English youngsters dug out from the bombed wreckage of their separate homes, and sent, bereft of surnames and every familiar detail of life, to the refuge establishment. Here they come under the care of a wise matron (Fay Bainter), who is herself a refugee from Nazi Europe. There's a lot more to the story, of course, but it's these two gentle, grave little faces in the ruins of his home, and the empty incendiary bomb which Margaret has kept as her very own toy and wears on a cord round her neck.



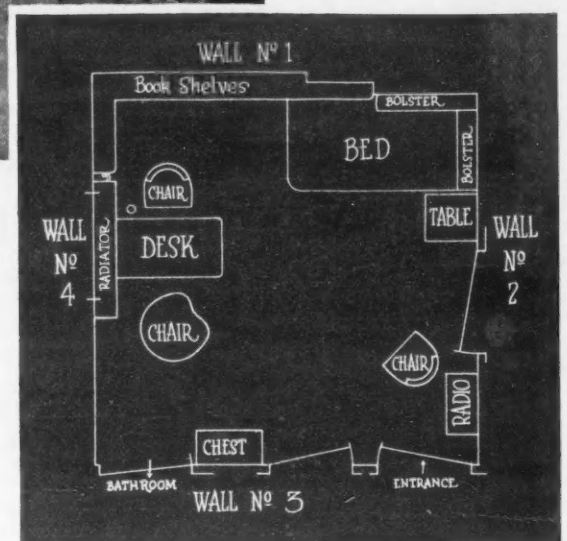
YOUR HOME

A Department for
House Planning,
Decorating
and
Furnishing

"A room in which to
work or relax—my own
corner in my studio."

HOME CAN BE *a Career* TOO!

By **FREDA JAMES**
Editor, "Your Home" Department



A PLACE of my own, whether a tiny apartment or a full-size house, has always been an important part of my life plan. In fact, I look upon the place where I live as the starting point for a busy life; the degree of success with which I can create a comfortable, pleasant environment for myself is of the utmost importance for both the working day ahead and as a "welcome home" in the evening.

The room which is shown in plan, and which has developed into a built-in arrangement, is the corner of my studio which I have chosen as my own. It was originally just a bedroom done with Early Canadian pine pieces. Delightful as it was it did not give me the requirements needed for a busy day combined with good sleeping arrangements. I sent the pine to the country and proceeded to do a more functional job with some grey oak pieces I had, and by building in shelves for my books, reference works and drawings.

It is not a large room, but there is a high ceiling and a nice feeling of space. Looking at the plan, you can see that the main wall, which I have marked No. 1, is broken by two jogs. How to manage bookshelves and bed on one wall was my problem. I wrote down all

the things I wanted to have in this room—space allotments for each—and went to work.

The shelves had to be inexpensive. I needed a closed section, which meant doors, and they are always an item in expense. By using two plain unfinished doors and covering them with material matching the couch, that part of the problem was solved both in efficiency and attractiveness.

The larger books and magazines fit in the deep shelves and where we built around the narrow jogs I put small books and ornaments. The couch continues the line, and by using long low bolsters with additional small cushions for seating arrangement, I have a comfortable corner for relaxing time, and extra accommodation when friends drop in.

Wall No. 2. Between the corner and clothes closet door there is just enough room for the width of a single bed and night table. I have used a very low square table with a tallish lamp in grey oak and a shade made from material matching the couch. Between the clothes closet door and the corner there is space for the radio, an old and unsightly model built into a good-looking grey oak case with brushed

nickel controls and open bookcase underneath. This is my Hobby Wall or Corner, and I have hung pictures of my dogs, farm-house, and made a spot for drawing board and equipment.

Wall No. 3. With three doors of different sizes in one wall this was a problem... entrance door, clothes closet door, small wall space and bathroom door. The "space" is used for the much-needed chest of drawers of simple high design with mirror hanging above.

Wall No. 4. The extra chair in grey oak and tweed, comfortable but not too large, is easily moved. The desk, brought out endwise from the centre of a large window, gives me a comfortable arrangement for desk chair and is accessible for shelves and for work. The radiator is long and unsightly, but I prefer to leave it uncovered in this case. The curtains partly conceal it. Making use of the corner by starting the shelves at the right side of the radiator gives not only more book space, but adds to the appearance of the built-in section.

The top of the desk can be quickly cleared for after-dinner coffee by stuffing all working equipment into



Yes—the Armed Forces of Canada and Britain are using a lot of 2 in 1 Shoe Polish. But there is still enough to polish and protect civilian shoes. Just 2 minutes daily with 2 in 1 will keep your shoes bright and sparkling. 2 in 1's protective oils and waxes help "feed" the leather and make shoes last longer.



PROTECT YOUR FLOORS and WOODWORK
Let SHINOLA FLOOR WAX (made by 2 in 1) protect and beautify your floors, woodwork, furniture, linoleums, etc. Cleans as well as polishes. And costs just half as much as other leading brands of wax. Get a pound today.
2 in 1 POLISHES LIMITED ★ HAMILTON, CANADA



A Chatelaine Service Bulletin



Successful Bridge Parties

CHATELAINE INSTITUTE
suggests ways and means of
making yours a bang-up affair
By Helen G. Campbell, Editor

BRIDGE PARTIES

What to do about the equipment, prizes, refreshment, everything which goes to make a bridge party a success is set forth in this handy little booklet. Bridge Teas, High Tea Bridge, Dinner Bridge, Evening Bridge, Breakfast Bridge and Luncheon Bridge, and you will want to try out these new ideas in bridge party entertaining. Chatelaine Service Bulletin No. 101. Price 15 Cents.

Order by Number

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TWO KINDS!

"Improved" Campana's for less dry, less sensitive skins and mild weather. "Original" is the extra rich lotion. Gives extra protection to drier and more sensitive skins. Both kinds in the one useful size.

35c



**New on the job?
WELL, YOUR HANDS WILL
NOW NEED CAMPANA'S
BALM MORE THAN
EVER BEFORE!**

The harder the work is on the hands, the greater the need for Campana's Balm to protect them. Since women have taken over extra and unusual work, Campana's Balm is being used more than ever to keep busy hands soft, smooth and lovely. A drop or two is sufficient for both hands. A valuable point to remember in these days of limited supplies. It's easy to make a bottle last a long time.

Chatelaine's War Service

That lunch-box cover

From Quebec Province comes this letter: "I am a young stenographer who carries her lunch. I saw the picture on the January cover and was surprised and pleased with the contents of the lunch-box. It certainly is an improvement on the sandwich lunch . . ." she says, and then goes on to order her copy of Chatelaine's new Service Bulletin, "Workers Must Eat," (15 cents per individual copy).

From now on, Miss D. is going to be better nourished and better equipped to stand the afternoon rush at the office—or we miss our guess. So, too, are a good many hundreds of plant employees in the industrial areas, judging from the favorable response to our Nutrition Number for January, and also to the new Service Bulletin mentioned above.

This problem of nutrition, however, is not localized, either geographically or occupationally. As one of our January articles pointed out, university students living in comfortable homes showed certain deficiencies of diet in a recent survey. Schoolchildren's carried lunches are too apt to be a cold and dreary assortment of left-overs. Indeed, our message of better lunch-box meals has application in almost every sphere of activity today—what with the present undue strain on restaurant service and the need for individual economizing.

And by the way, where do you think our first big order for the lunch-box bulletin came from? From far-north Flin Flon in Manitoba, where the workers in the mines and smelters have a big job of rushing production of copper and zinc for Canada's war needs.

Chatelaine gets around, and wherever it goes, it takes with it the practical information and service which Canadian families can put to immediate use.

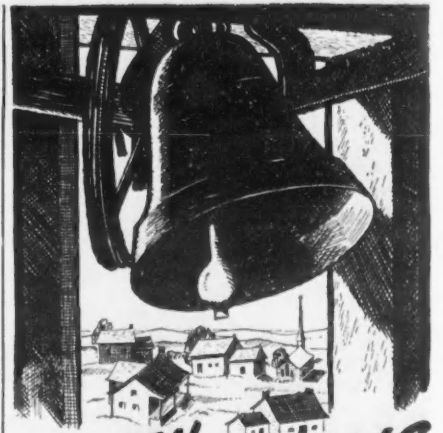
Women at Work

That includes just about every one of us today. If there is a Lady of Leisure left anywhere among us, we think she deserves preservation in a museum case. Her species is vanishing from the scene.

In this issue of Chatelaine, we carry a message for the girls who keep the wheels of business oiled and moving—the junior career girls who master complex filing systems, run the typewriters of the nation, have charge of payrolls, answer the switchboards, keep the books. They include the thousands upon thousands in the Civil Service, as well as those other thousands in business and war-plant offices throughout the country.

They're hard-working women and they're an exceedingly important wage-earning group. From them must come a goodly percentage of War Savings to buy the machine-guns which their brothers are using and the corvettes their boy friends operate.

Every woman in business knows the importance of "The Budget" in office management, but some of us (let's admit it) have been lax in setting up a system for our own personal income and expenditure. Cheer up, it's never too late to change our type! Turn back to the inside front cover and study that presentation of facts and figures covering salaries of \$15 to \$25 per week. These are practical sample patterns to guide you in spending and saving during this all-important year of 1943. +



**WHEN
VICTORY BELLS
RING AGAIN**

Coffield will once more produce "Certified Quality" washing machines, famous for their "Care-free" performance.

To help speed that day, Coffield is 100% on war work. That means there will be no more new Coffield Washing Machines until Victory is won.

If you are one of the fortunate owners of a Coffield keep it in good working order. Ask your registered Coffield dealer to inspect your Coffield regularly for the very best of care-free wash days.



INVEST IN YOUR
FUTURE COFFIELD
BUY WAR SAVINGS
CERTIFICATES



THE COFFIELD WASHER
HAMILTON

CO. LIMITED
CANADA

**Coffield
"CQ" WASHERS**
FOR Care-free PERFORMANCE

your arms feeling like quite foreign members of the body...you might leave the place some Sunday nights thinking *what a fool I am*, but come next Friday and you find yourself mulling over little details of the work to be done, or the food to be bought, and by Saturday nothing could hold you from getting back at it.

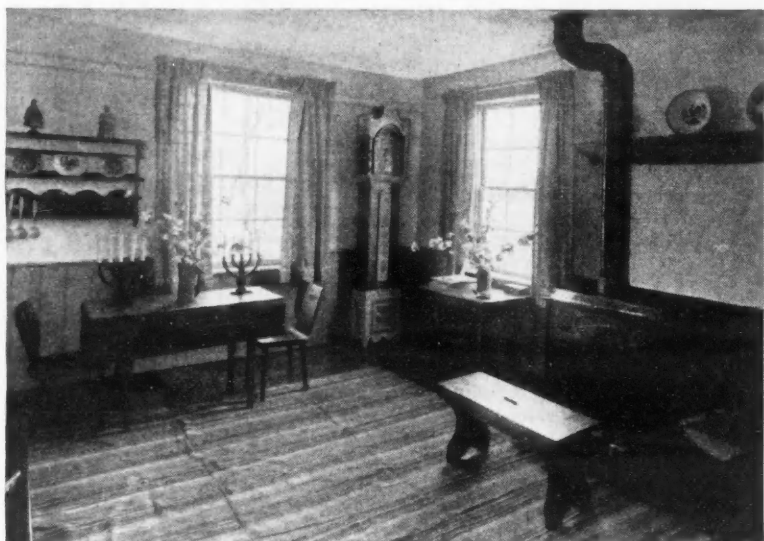
There isn't space to tell you about all my pet corners in this dear old house, so I shall tell you about the ones in the photographs. The reconditioning had to be done with a minimum of expense. Layers and more layers of wallpaper had to be removed, leaving rough uneven plaster. I had the bad spots patched, then painted the entire house—living room, five bedrooms, dressing-room and kitchen—in a white water paint. Rough plaster takes on character in this way. Then for my woodwork colors I chose blue, brick pink and yellow. The living room, which is a fair size, had the traditional graining on the woodwork. By using good paint and sufficient depth of lovely blue, we covered easily with one coat. The same color was carried into the kitchen, which is also a large room.

What a problem the floors were! I never like to destroy the attractive wide boards in an old house, and so considering the hard use they were going to get, with muddy tramping, dogs in and out, and ski boots in

and design. It had been stripped of its red paint, leaving lovely mellow pine, and it worked in as both decorative and convenient for dishes in the living-dining room combination. I put up some nice old horse prints and much treasured Polish panels...slipped two comfortable chairs in burlap and one in a peasant cotton print...and have since put a very old early Canadian pine bed-couch in the corner where the wing chair is shown, and used burlap on it with gay cushions.

The old drop-leaf pine table had a lovely top and generally good lines, but the legs were bad, so I painted them. It serves as dining and living table. A really old Canadian pine clock case with English wooden works and decorated face seemed to be crying for Scandinavian design. This piece now brings definite interest and color into the room and seems to feel at home with the Swedish candlesticks and odd bits of pottery.

Wide deep windows framing the view needed a simple (and inexpensive) treatment, so again burlap played its part...The color of it is quite perfect with the old pine tones; the interesting embroidery trimming from foreign looms picks up the blues, yellows and pink occurring elsewhere. A Canadian catalogue carpet in the colors of the room is gay against the spatterdash floor. There is a furnace in the house, but the Franklin stove, which once



"Another view of the living room, showing the burlap curtains, the old clock, and the Franklin stove which substitutes for a fireplace."

winter, I decided to ask for further help from my friends and do a spatterdash job.

The boards were worn and had gaping cracks, but by using a good oil we got them a nice dark brown with very little work. We left them to dry well, then began the spatterdashing in yellow, blue and white. The kitchen floor has been done in the same finish. A good heavy floor varnish then, and once a year since, has made them most durable as well as attractive.

Next came the furnishings. One has to relegate some unliked pieces for the farm, such as the odd overstuffed chair, but even they can be made part of the scheme by slipcovering. I found an old pine dresser made many years ago by some country cabinetman with a nice sense of proportion

graced a fine old Queenston residence gives all the joy of a fireplace with its sparkling logs.

The kitchen is a big comfortable room, with a rack for skis, a big corner straw-filled box for the spaniels, another corner curtained off for "washing up," and a large coal and wood stove for those holiday turkey dinners and pot roasts left a-cooking while the crowd is out on the hills.

A dull, dingy, but well-made mission oak dresser has become not only very useful for supplies but decorative with its white paint and gay designs. The chair had the typical straight top but it cut into the present shape very nicely. A round drop leaf table and some nice old Canadian chairs now replace the original table and make a good grouping for Sunday breakfast use. +



"We said good-bye to Bill, today . . .

"I WISH I could have gone with him. But... too old for fighting over there. Yet we can fight right here at home! For Bill's going to need fellows like his old gang at Anaconda. He's going to need guns and shells and tanks and bullets. Bill and the rest of us have worked with copper for years! We know how important this rustless metal is in modern warfare. And believe me, Bill and all the other boys are going to get everything we can give 'em . . . enough of it, too!"

Yes, it's a personal fight for the men at Anaconda! Nearly all of them have sons, or brothers or bench pals in Canada's Armed Forces. They know how badly copper is needed for nearly every type of war equipment.

These men of Anaconda are fighting now! Fighting to turn out more copper and bronze for essential parts of shells, guns, tanks, planes and ships. Already production is more than four times the peace-time output . . . and still they strive for more. They're fighters, though not in uniform, and they'll keep right on fighting, till after Victory.



ANACONDA AMERICAN BRASS LIMITED

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Why is Copper so Essential?

... Largely because it has such a wide and varied field of usefulness. The reason? Of all commercial metals, copper and its many useful alloys combine to best advantage the properties of high electrical and thermal conductivity, workability, strength and resistance to corrosion.

For instance, no commercial metal equals copper as a conductor of electricity—and electricity is vital not only to industrial plants; but also to the ships, planes and mechanized equipment which these plants produce.

For another example, there is no suitable substitute for brass and copper in ammunition. In short, copper, today, is a most essential metal.

PUT YOUR FAMILY ON THIS *Victory Diet*



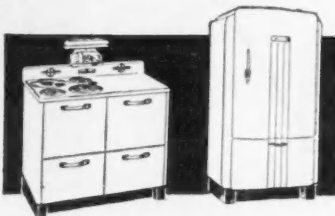
CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC'S Famous Five Point Food Plan

For health's sake, for Victory's sake, see that every food dollar in your budget is spent to the following simple "fitness formula":—
Spend one-fifth of every such dollar on each of these kinds of food: (1) milk and cheese, (2) fruits and vegetables, (3) meat, eggs and fish, (4) bread and cereals, (5) fats, sugars and accessories.

Canadian General Electric has prepared a valuable new booklet: "How to Get the Most Out of the Food You Buy". Ask your nearest G-E dealer for your free copy.



**CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC CO
LIMITED**



G-E HOTPOINT RANGES are designed to cook food appetizingly and healthfully. G-E REFRIGERATORS preserve vitamins and prevent spoilage. Take care of your G-E appliances.

VICTORY RECIPE

SALMON AND POTATO CASSEROLE
1 tall can salmon (or 2 cups fresh cooked salmon)
4 medium potatoes cooked
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful milk
4 large green onions
1 cupful canned green pea soup
1 egg—or 2 egg yolks
2 tablespoonfuls fat
1 cupful bread crumbs
1 cupful skin and bones. Slice
Flake salmon, removing skin and sliced
cooked potatoes into greased casserole in alter-
nate layers with the flaked salmon and sliced
onion. Dot each layer with bits of fat. Com-
bine the egg, slightly beaten, with the soup
and milk; pour over the contents in the cas-
serole. Cover with crumbs and parsley and serve
for 30 minutes. Garnish with sliced tomatoes.
hot with sliced tomatoes.



Week-end Retreat

FREDA JAMES, Editor of Your Home Department discusses her problems (and fun) in fixing up an old Ontario farmhouse



"The old country-made dresser had been stripped of its paint, leaving lovely mellow pine. It is both decorative and convenient for dishes in the living-dining room."

the open compartment directly under-
neath. My typewriter fits on a pull-
out shelf at the right-hand side of the
desk.

What are the colors in this work-a-
day room? As it is what one might call
a very concentrated room, I find it
necessary to have a neutral back-
ground, using only accents of color.
The paper is light grey with a design
in grey-white. Furniture and built-ins
are of greyed oak and there is light
leather with pewter trim on the top of
the night table. Grey Scotch needle-
cloth makes curtains that are incon-
spicuous but satisfying.

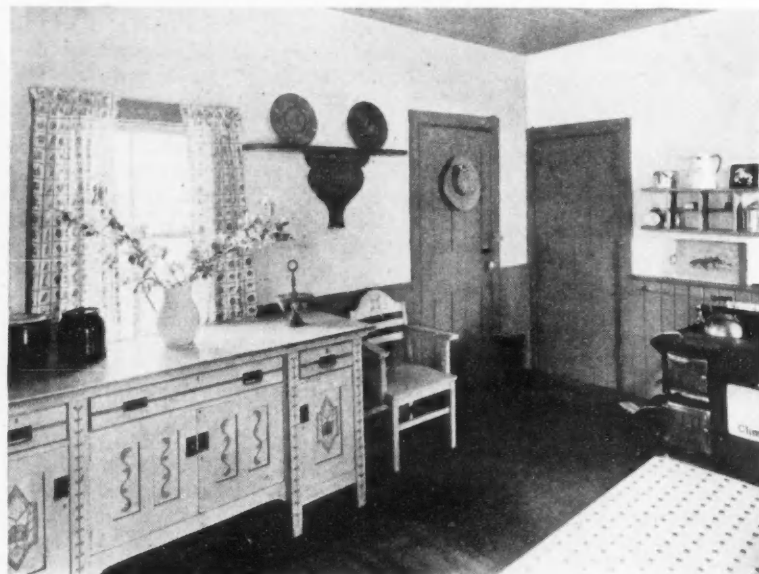
For a serviceable couch cover and
the upholstery on the cupboard doors,
I have used a neutral and white hand-
woven washable linen check. Cushions
are in hand-woven fabrics—one yellow,
one pink. Deep luminous turquoise is
the color chosen for the painted floor
and the plain rug is a deeper shade,
with bedside rug in neutral hand-

tufted wool. The material on the
comfortable chair is also from our
Canadian hand-loom. Books, pic-
tures, the odd plant, and some Scandi-
navian costume dolls and ornaments
provide good color in small quantities.

BEFORE GAS rationing came into
our lives, I found one day, when look-
ing for a place to stand our skis and
put our heads overnight, an old red
brick Ontario farmhouse standing on a
knoll—with a view from all windows
that is a source of constant speculation
...whether summer is lovelier than
winter or autumn than spring... and
so on. The name, "Holly Park Farm,"
had been brought out from Ireland
by the early owners, and so I left it,
thinking of none so happy.

So often I have heard, "But a place
in the country is a terrific job." Well
it is. Week ends and more week ends
of steady hard work...but what fun!
Your back might be breaking and

"Cheap but sturdy mission-oak sideboard and chairs have changed character with white paint and gay designs, and are important items in the kitchen."



They're Talking About

Substitutes are becoming as precious as the real McCoy . . . Try growing a sweet potato vine in your winter window garden . . . And do you know where to look for the gaudiest housecoats in town?

Substitutes and the way we've grown to love 'em overnight. And the shocking discovery that there's just no substitute for butter. And the way We the Women got madder over the recent butter lack than about anything else. (Otherwise, "they" say we've behaved well, like good soldiers.) And how the rationing system has proved itself beyond peradventure of a doubt, as the politicians might put it.

Nostalgic memories of those dreamlike days way back in 1939 A.D. when we used to say, "Fill 'er up" at the corner gas station; or phone the druggist for a bottle of ginger ale *seulement*; or debate with the butcher between a fresh ham and a sirloin roast; or feel pretty mean about those plain sliced bananas for dessert. Weren't we the spoiled darlings!

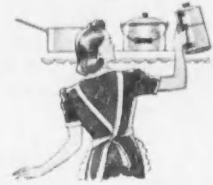
The Canadians in North Africa and the deep-down feeling that soon our magnificent Army will be tackling a big job—somewhere. The magnetism and soldierly simplicity of the man McNaughton, and the way all ranks adore him for it . . . The good news that the great bulk of Canada's Christmas parcels reached their overseas destinations safely. And how those lads in the Navy operating off Africa report little use for their new chamois vests and woolly mitts, for the present.

Women on the march . . . the girls who have been flown or "trucked" in for office work along the Alcan Highway in the upper left-hand corner of Canada . . . the girls in uniform and the universal praise they get from their male comrades-in-arms. And the way the girls are keeping their femininity in spite of caps and greatcoats. 'Tis said if you want to see the gaudiest, dashingest housecoats in town, worm your way into an Air Force Women's barracks just before lights-out.

The movies—especially "Bambi" and how it takes your mind off every current problem, including deductible taxes. Bob Hope and Bing Crosby in their craziest and funniest, "The Road to Morocco," and that desert-mirage routine which is guaranteed to roll you in the aisles . . . There's no fun in "The Commandos Strike at Dawn," but there's plenty of excitement, and some wonderful scenery along our own Vancouver Island fjords where the picture was made. (Better keep on buying War Savings Certificates so that you can see some of that with your own eyes after the war.)

Simple window gardening, and the fun of watching a sweet potato, immersed in water, sprout a pretty red-stemmed vine . . . Children and how they *still* won't eat up their vegetables, in spite of the nutrition campaign . . . And the story of the teen-age boy who was reprimanded by his father for too much horse-play. "Don't you know," asked the parent, "what good clean fun is?" "Well, Dad, I'll bite," said the boy, "what good is it?"

Right now THAT SHINE'S WORTH MONEY to you



Aluminum is getting scarce! But why worry? Science has proved that *clean* aluminum lasts longer. You can keep your pots and pans shining like new *outside*, spotless and sweet *inside*—with an S.O.S. once-over each day. Try it. It's thrifty!



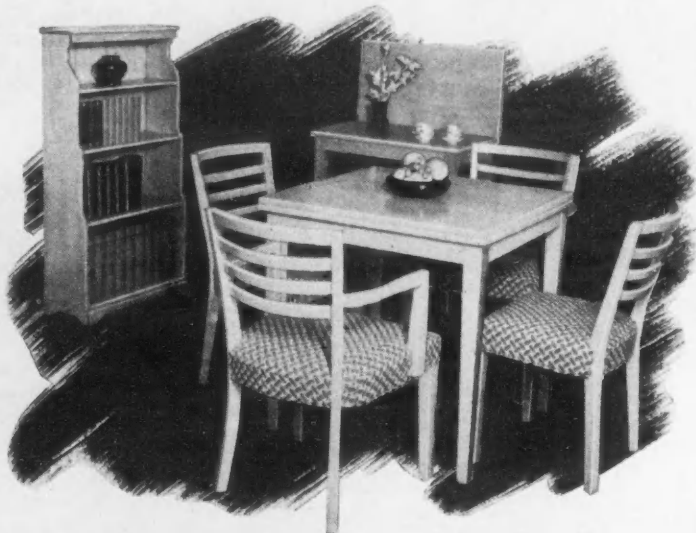
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when **YOU** shop
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TAKE PART
OF YOUR CHANGE
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WAR
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- Buy 11 War Savings Stamps and you buy a sweater for a fighting Canadian!

Don't Buy It All Now



★ In wartime buy only your essential pieces of furniture. You will be able to complete your purchases after the war if you buy Imperial Loyalist now and invest the difference in War Savings. Ask your nearest Imperial Loyalist Dealer how the "Open Stock" feature of this ever lovable furniture makes wartime economy possible.

IMPERIAL LOYALIST

Made in Stratford, Ontario, by Imperial Ration Co. Ltd.

Buy War Savings Certificates now to complete your Loyalist rooms after Victory

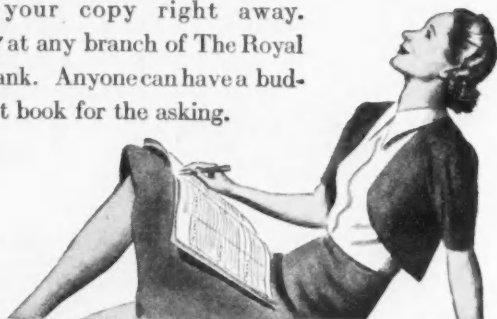


"So you're still keeping a budget"

Yes, and she'll continue to keep a budget because the wartime edition of the Royal Bank family budget book is so easy to use, so practical and works so simply in adjusting living habits to war conditions.



Get your copy right away. **Free** at any branch of The Royal Bank. Anyone can have a budget book for the asking.



THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA

Pointers for the Home

IF THE much-loved antique has a broken leg or there is a chip off somewhere, save future trouble by *not* using any type of fish glue. It doesn't last and only causes the cabinet shop untold trouble and time when you eventually have to take it to them. If you are an "expert," use a good animal hot glue. Save the tiniest pieces in cases of breakage.

☆☆
To clean scatter rugs use a well-whipped dry suds made from any good soap flakes and add to this a half cup of vinegar. Scour the surface with this, leaving the rug on the floor during the process. Do not make the rug wet all the way through.

☆☆
You may hate to do it, but remember always to cut selvages from material being made into curtains. A year later you will be glad!

☆☆
Wash your furniture with good soap and water before waxing, so as to remove the soil which naturally accumulates.

☆☆
The "slips" for the backs and seats of your breakfast nook or kitchen will look well when done in the same linen stripe as that selected for your dish towels. Joined together you also have a most practical tablecloth, or they can be cut up into place mats. Even the pot holders can match.

☆☆
To care for paint brushes clean thoroughly and then put away wrapped in newspaper.

☆☆
Make your brooms last longer by soaking in hot, strong, salt water before using. This toughens the straw, making it more durable. Renew your old broom by soaking well in hot suds and clip the ends of the straws evenly at the bottom. Hang your broom upside down when not in use, to further its life.

☆☆
Help the bride keep her company linen immaculately fresh by including in the shower gifts large envelopes of chintz that are washable and gay for the linen shelves. Bind in contrasting or neutral colors.

☆☆
If your sash curtains are misbehaving since being washed, or if in the beginning it is difficult to pull them over the rod without the sometimes rough end of the brass rod catching the sheer material, take your thimble and place over the rod. It will then run through the slot smoothly.

☆☆
For prolonging the life of your window shade—try painting. Follow carefully these directions: The surface of the table on which the painting is done should be well protected with old newspapers, because the paint may go through the shade. The shade should be laid on the table and as much dirt and dust as possible wiped off. The paint should be applied with a brush, preferably brushing it crosswise. Any good quality paint can be used, thinned with as much turpentine as can be added without spoiling its quality. Let the shade dry thoroughly before rolling up. It is considered advisable to test this method of painting on one shade first, because of the varying qualities of different kinds of paint. +

No unpleasant Scrubbing! Cleans Toilets FAST!

For over 30 years, Sani-Flush has been the quick, easy, sanitary way to keep toilet bowls sparkling-clean. Use it at least twice a week. Every application cleans away recurring toilet germs and a cause of toilet odors. Removes unsanitary film.

Don't confuse Sani-Flush with ordinary cleansers. It works chemically. Even cleans the hidden trap. When used according to directions on the can—Sani-Flush cannot injure septic tanks* or their action and is absolutely safe in toilet connections. Made in Canada. Sold everywhere. Two convenient sizes.



*FREE for Septic Tank Owners

Septic tank owners don't have to scrub toilets, either! Tests by eminent research authorities show how easy and safe Sani-Flush is for toilet sanitation with septic tanks. For free copy of their scientific report, write the distributor: Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd., Dept. 32, Toronto, Ont.

Sani-Flush CLEANS TOILET BOWLS WITHOUT SCOURING

STOP Scratching Relieve Itch Fast or Money Back

For quick relief from itching of eczema, pimples, athlete's foot, scales, scabies, rashes and other externally caused skin troubles, use fast-acting, cooling, anti-septic, liquid D. D. D. Prescription. Greaseless, stainless. Soothes irritation and quickly stops intense itching. 35c trial bottle proves it, or money back. Ask your druggist today for D. D. D. PRESCRIPTION.

ORDER YOUR GARDEN SEEDS EARLY. A SERIOUS SHORTAGE EXISTS IN MANY VARIETIES

CELTUCE A DISTINCTLY NEW VEGETABLE



Most desirable for every Canadian garden. Distinctly new; combining the uses and flavours of celery and lettuce. Raw Celtuce is used like celery. Cooked Celtuce has attractive appearance and pleasant mild flavour suggesting celery, lettuce, asparagus, broccoli, or summer squash. Ready for use in 90 days. Easily grown everywhere. We send complete directions for culture and use. Do not miss this valuable new vegetable.

Over 130,000 gardeners were delighted with the new Celtuce in 1942. (Pkt 250 seeds 15c) (2 Pkts 25c) (1/2 oz 65c) (or \$1.25) postpaid.
FREE — OUR BIG 1943 SEED AND NURSERY BOOK — Better Than Ever 13W
DOMINION SEED HOUSE, GEORGETOWN, ONT.



Fish chowder, garnished with onion rings: a hearty and delicious main course.

HOUSEKEEPING

A Department of
Home Management
Conducted by
Helen G. Campbell
Director, Chatelaine Institute.

STAND-INS FOR MEAT

by *Helen G. Campbell*

FOR ALL its fine hearty flavor, good nutritive value and popularity in the meal, meat isn't by any means the only pebble on the menu beach. Fish, cheese, dried beans and peas are a match for it on all these scores and, given half a chance, are equally worthy of the platter and the spotlight. Oven-cooked haddock fillets, cheese soufflé or the bean pot's dark brown contents, needn't play second fiddle to any dish.

Many other meatless specials are stars in their own right, earning a round of applause for themselves and the cook whenever they make their appearance. They offer variety too—and they get an encore from the housekeeper for that.

Beans from the bean pot are tops.



Hit numbers on our program this month are dishes in which meat alternatives play the leading role.

When you buy them, take your change in War Savings Stamps. Your grocer is doing a big business in these this month.

FISH—Chief understudy to meat for the role of a dinner's main course and quite capable of starring in it. When good cooking brings out its fine delicate flavor, no other food is better liked and none provides better nourishment. Its protein is as high-class as the protein of meat, and the seagoing varieties carry the precious iodine in every morsel.

So, wise is the menu maker who goes fishing with her market basket any day in the week. With all the waters of the country to choose from, you're sure of a good catch and all sorts of delicious variety—fresh, salted, smoked, pickled, fresh-frozen or canned—which you can cook and serve in dozens of ways.

The thing is not to get in a rut, and whatever you do, not to overcook it. At the proper stage fish is tender, flaky and juicy—good to eat and good for you.

BEANS—Everyone who knows beans puts them on the menu once in a while, thereby keeping one jump ahead of the cost of living and balancing both the meal and the budget.

For little money beans provide a lot of nourishment as well as a fine hearty flavor. We like their kind of dark brown taste in the mouth, at luncheon, dinner or late supper, as the case may be.

Baked beans and Boston brown bread is a hard-to-beat combination, but it's only one of many thrifty and substantial dishes which can be evolved from the same starting point. Beans are good in soups, chowders, casserole mixtures, patties and loaves, of an economical appetizing order.



Cheese and onion soufflé in individual servers.

PEAS—In favor of dried split peas you can check off economy and high food value. Like beans, they're chock-full of nourishment and while they don't lend themselves to as many variations, they have their appetizing possibilities. French-Canadian pea soup, for instance, is a top-notch in its line, worthy of honorable mention in any list of good things to eat.

CHEESE—Top-ranker as a satisfying sustaining food with a flavor that all the world seems to go for. You won't miss meat from the meal when cheese replaces it. And you won't go short on nutritive value either, for good nourishing qualities accompany the dashing flavor of any dish in which it is featured.

There are scores of grand ways to highlight cheese as the main course. Put it with other foods and it adds richness and animates any combination you've a mind to use.

A pound of cheese is a pound of food—no waste about it. So tick off economy to its credit as well as those other virtues of convenience, variety and willingness to co-operate with the cook.

Don't worry about your digestion when you eat it; if cheese is given its rightful importance in the meal

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YOUR MONEY BACK IF NOT SATISFIED!
The Book every Woman needs right now—A wonderfully practical HOW-TO-DO-IT KNITTING BOOK that will save you time and money!

This wonderful Book not only shows you how to make hundreds of new Knitted garments for yourself, your family and your men-folk in the Forces—it also shows you how you can have new garments for old, by transforming your discarded woolies into new and fashionable knitteds!

It contains 320 Pages, 70,000 Words, with over 400 "how-to-do-it" Photographs, Drawings and Patterns showing clearly step by step what to do and how to do it. Everything is made so clear that beginners simply cannot go wrong; and experienced knitters will find in this Book scores of new outlets for their knitting energies.

The Publishers consider KNITTING FOR ALL Illustrated a bargain at \$5.00, yet because it is of such national importance at this time, it is being made available at the special low price of \$1.49 (plus 25 Cents for packing and mailing)—and your money will be cheerfully refunded if you are not satisfied!

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for Women. A complete wardrobe in wool with garments for every occasion. Dainty undies—vests, panties, house-coats, brassieres, bed-jackets. Sports clothes—cardigans, pullovers, ankle socks, suits. Afternoon frocks—afternoon blouses, collars and cuffs in metal thread. Jumpers, evening boleros, beaded evening jumpers. Scarves, hoods and turbans of every kind, and gloves in exciting new designs and every size—all knitted on two needles. Etc., etc.

for Men. There are designs you can knit in khaki or any colour. Polo-necked sweater, cable pullovers, long-sleeved and sleeveless pullovers of every kind. Cardigans, lumber jackets, helmets, scarves, gloves, mittens and underwear, etc.

for Babies and Children. There's a layette, knickers, suits, bonnets, dungarees, jerseys and cardigans. Hoods and pullovers, socks and gloves in every size, etc.

This wonderful Book will show you how to give new life to old woollen garments—a revelation in wartime economy;

400 HOW-TO-DO-IT Diagrams, Photographs and Patterns

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How to choose and use Wools, Rayon Wools and Silks; How to re-foot and re-heel socks and stockings for the whole family;

Knitting for beginners—first principles clearly explained and illustrated; and much more besides!

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Tealess Teas

By Helen G. Campbell

For Beverages

Bouillon or consommé in cups (the way you get it on shipboard).

Hot tomato bouillon (a mixture of condensed consommé and tomato juice, seasoned and served piping hot).

Clear chicken broth; chilled tomato cocktail in tall glasses; tomato milk drink.

Hot cocoa; café au lait (hot milk and hot coffee—half and half); mocha chocolate (a mixture of hot cocoa and café au lait. You can use left-over coffee for this); chocolate milk drinks (from prepared mixes).

Cider; chilled dr hot spiced apple juice; punch—plain or spiced (a mixture of apple and other fruit juices. Juices from canned or stewed fruit are good for punch).

Bottled beverages; fruit juices (grape juice, home-canned rhubarb, elderberry, loganberry or any other variety. Raspberry vinegar. Fresh cranberry juice—sweetened with corn syrup or honey).

Milk shakes—different flavors.

Accompaniments

Hot buttered muffins (bran, cheese, corn, carrot, fruit or plain).

Hot tea biscuits (plain or different flavors, with or without a jam or jelly filling).

Toasted rolls (split, buttered and toasted—spread with cream cheese and orange marmalade, peach jam or other sweets).

Coffee cake, fruit scones, chelsea buns, popovers, crumpets, or other hot breads.

Fresh hot johnny cake (split and buttered).

Thin bread and butter; fresh-baked rolls; fruit bread.

Sandwiches (plain, rolled, pinwheels, ribbons and so on. Leave on the crusts for plainer varieties, or if you're making fancy shapes, save them, dry and use as crumbs).

Toast—buttered, with cinnamon and honey).

Toast fancies (fingers, squares or cubes with savory spreads or toppings, liver or cheese rolls, sardine canapés and the like).

Soda biscuits—and other plain varieties (with or without sweet or savory topping).

Graham wafers—plain or dressed up and other sweet biscuits.

Pastries (cheese straws, jam, jelly, chicken or mushroom tartlets, fruit turnovers, etc.).

Cake and cup cakes (made with corn syrup, honey or molasses).

Doughnuts; chocolate bread squares (dip bread fingers in melted semi-sweet chocolate. Roll in cocoanut or nuts—if you can get 'em.)

Bran Corn Syrup Muffins

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

2 Tablespoonfuls of shortening

½ Cupful of corn syrup

1 Egg

1 Cupful of ready-cooked bran

¾ Cupful of milk

1 Cupful of flour

½ Teaspoonful of salt

2½ Teaspoonfuls of baking powder

Cream the shortening and corn syrup thoroughly; add the egg and beat well. Stir in the ready-cooked bran and the milk and let stand until most of the moisture is taken up. Sift the flour, measure and sift again with other dry ingredients. Add to the first mixture and stir only until the flour disappears. Fill greased muffin tins two thirds full and bake in a moderately hot oven—400 deg. Fahr.—about thirty minutes. Makes eight large muffins or twelve small ones.

When sour milk or buttermilk is used instead of sweet milk, reduce the baking powder to one teaspoonful and add one-half teaspoonful of soda.

Tomato Milk Drink

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

¾ Cupful of evaporated milk

¾ Cupful of water

1 Teaspoonful of salt

¼ Teaspoonful of celery salt

Onion juice, if desired

2¼ Cupfuls of tomato juice

Combine the milk and water, mixing thoroughly. Stir in the seasoned tomato juice gradually and chill thoroughly before serving. Six servings.

Cheese Wafers

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

3 Ounces of nippy cheese

4 Tablespoonfuls of butter

½ Cupful of flour

Pinch of salt

Cream the cheese and butter together until smooth and soft. Add the flour and salt and blend well. Form into a roll about one and a half inches in diameter and chill for two or three hours. Cut into slices about a quarter of an inch thick and bake in a hot oven—450 deg. Fahr.—for ten minutes. Serve hot. Makes about two dozen slices.

Toasted Liver Rolls

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

½ Cupful of ground cooked liver

½ Cupful of finely chopped bacon

¼ Cupful of cream

Salt and pepper to taste

Cut lengthwise slices (quarter-inch thick) from half a loaf of white bread. Remove the crusts, spread with butter and the above ingredients mixed to a paste. Roll each sandwich, secure with a toothpick and toast in the oven until lightly browned. Makes about eighteen rolls.

Toasted Mushroom Rolls

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

Spread buttered slices of fresh bread (cut thin) with well-seasoned condensed cream of mushroom soup. Roll up each slice, fasten with a toothpick and toast.

Cheese and Marmalade Rolls

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

Split soft flat rolls and toast the cut surfaces on a flat toaster or under the broiler. Spread generously with softened white cream cheese, then over this spread a layer of orange marmalade or peach jam. Cut in halves and serve at once. +

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KEEP DRAINS CLEAR OF CORRODING ACCUMULATIONS WITH GILLETT'S LYE

HARD to get plumbers these days—difficult to find the parts. Best to take good care of drain-pipes. Keep them clear with Gillett's Lye so they flow freely. Just pour in.

Gillett's keeps toilet bowls stainless and sweet-smelling too, and it's no end of help with the heavy cleaning. Cuts through grease—scours pots and pans. Keep it handy!

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FREE BOOKLET: Send to Standard Brands, Ltd., Fraser Ave. & Liberty St., Toronto, Ont., for Free Gillett's Lye Booklet that shows ways to make housework easier, pleasanter.

Never dissolve lye in hot water. The action of the lye itself heats the water.

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You can serve your family delicious cake—and serve your country at the same time, if you learn to use sugar substitutes properly. Chatelaine's new Service Bulletin offers 12 pages of practical, economical recipes, all tested and approved by the Chatelaine Institute, for a tempting assortment of

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crumbs. Bake in a moderate oven—350 deg. Fahr.—until heated through and nicely browned. Serve with hot tomato sauce.

Poached Egg and Polenta

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 1 Cupful of cornmeal
- 4 Cupfuls of water
- 1 Teaspoonful of salt
- $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ Cupful of grated cheese
- 1 Can of tomato soup

Stir the cornmeal into the boiling salted water, stirring constantly until thick, then complete the cooking in a double boiler or well cooker. When done, spread half-inch thick in a large shallow pan and chill. Cut into squares and arrange in layers in a baking dish, sprinkling the cheese between the layers. Reheat in the oven and serve with a poached egg atop each square and tomato soup sauce over all.

Fish Shortcake

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 4 Tablespoonfuls of butter
- 4 Tablespoonfuls of flour
- 2 Cupfuls of milk
- $\frac{3}{4}$ Teaspoonful of salt
- $\frac{1}{4}$ Teaspoonful of pepper
- 2 Cupfuls of cooked flaked fish
- $\frac{3}{4}$ Cupful of canned green peas

Melt the butter, add the flour and stir until well blended. Add the milk gradually and cook, stirring constantly, until thick and smooth. Cook a few minutes longer, then add the seasonings, prepared fish and green peas. Heat carefully and serve between and over split hot tomato biscuits. Garnish with parsley.

Tomato Biscuits

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 3 Cupfuls of flour
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ Teaspoonfuls of salt
- 6 Teaspoonfuls of baking powder
- 3 Tablespoonfuls of shortening
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ to $1\frac{3}{4}$ Cupfuls of tomato juice

Sift the measured flour, baking powder and salt together. Cut in the shortening with knives or a pastry blender. Add the tomato juice, mixing only until a soft dough is formed. Turn out on a floured board and knead lightly for one-half minute. Roll to three quarters of an inch in thickness, cut with a small biscuit cutter and place on a floured baking sheet. Bake in a hot oven—400-425 deg. Fahr.—for about fifteen minutes.

Split Pea Chowder

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 1 Cupful of dried split peas
- 1 Small onion
- 2 Cupfuls of canned corn
- 3 Tablespoonfuls of butter
- $2\frac{1}{2}$ Cupfuls (1 pint) of milk

Cover the peas with cold water and let soak overnight. Drain, add the finely chopped onion and enough cold water to cover, then cook until the peas are tender, adding more water if necessary during the cooking. Rub through a sieve and add the corn, butter and milk to the pulp. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Reheat and serve piping hot. +

CANADA NEEDS FATS & BONES FOR HIGH EXPLOSIVES

Here's a Day-to-Day War Job for You

There is a serious shortage of Fats and Bones in Canada and the only way in which this shortage can be overcome is by the day-to-day saving of every spoonful of dripping, every piece of scrap fat and every bone, cooked, uncooked or dry.

Fats make glycerine and glycerine makes high explosives—explosives to bomb the Axis partners—Adolph, Benito, Tojo, sink their U-boats, destroy their tanks.

Bones produce fat. Also glue for war industry.

HERE IS WHAT YOU DO

Save every kind of waste dripping. All may be mixed together. Strain through an ordinary metal strainer into a clean wide-mouthed can. Do *not* use a glass or paper container. Keep in a refrigerator or a cool place until you have collected a pound or more. Save all pieces of left-over scrap fat from your meats (cooked or uncooked). Keep separate from your drippings. Keep scrap fats and bones in a cool place.



HERE IS HOW TO DISPOSE OF FATS AND BONES

The Meat Dealers of Canada, as a patriotic effort, are co-operating with the Government in this all-important war work by contributing their collection facilities. Now you can dispose of your Fats and Bones in any one of the following ways:



1 YOUR MEAT DEALERS will pay you the price established for your fat dripping and for your scrap fats. You can keep this money for yourself or—

2

YOU CAN TURN THE PROCEEDS over to your local Voluntary Salvage Committee and/or a registered local War Charity.



3

YOU CAN DONATE your Fats and Bones to your local Voluntary Salvage Committee in any place where they collect them, or—

4

YOU CAN CONTINUE to place out your fats and bones for collection by your Street Cleaning Department where such a system is in existence.



Every spoonful of dripping, every piece of fat and every bone, cooked, uncooked, or dry, must be saved. It's a day-to-day job. Your contribution may seem small and unimportant, but even one ounce of fat dripping per person per week will give us 36,000,000 pounds of Fat each year for glycerine.

Canada Needs 40 Million Pounds of Fat

THIS CAMPAIGN IS FOR THE DURATION OF THE WAR

DEPARTMENT OF NATIONAL WAR SERVICES

NATIONAL SALVAGE DIVISION

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← Cookies — a joy to behold and still better to eat. Easy to make when you use Cow Brand Baking Soda.

→ Lighter and tastier tea biscuits have been made for three generations with Cow Brand Baking Soda.



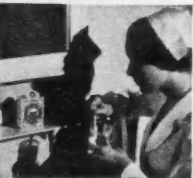
← Your pancakes will be crisp, light and golden brown, if you make them with Cow Brand Baking Soda.

→ You'll find many interesting cake recipes in our Cooking Booklet offered free below.



← To keep teeth clean and looking their best, brush them regularly with Cow Brand Baking Soda.

→ When Bicarbonate of Soda is needed for medicinal purposes, use "Cow Brand"—it's pure Bicarbonate of Soda.



COW BRAND



BAKING SODA

FREE COOKING BOOKLET and folder describing the medicinal uses of Cow Brand Baking Soda will be mailed on request. Mail this coupon today!

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PURE BICARBONATE OF SODA

and cooked—not overcooked—at low temperature, everything will be hunky-dory.

EGGS—An egg a day—or thereabouts—is one of the planks in your nutrition platform. Choose them for freshness, not according to a color line, for white, brown and speckled have equal flavor, food value and adaptability in the menu.

Alone or in combination with other ingredients, eggs provide main dishes for many meals. Don't be single track in the way you serve them, but stick to low temperature in cooking any egg dish.

Bean And Egg Casserole

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 1 Cupful of navy beans
- 2 Hard-cooked eggs
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of chopped parsley
- 1/2 Small onion
- 1/2 Cupful of grated nippy cheese
- 2 Cupfuls of medium white sauce

Wash the beans and soak overnight in cold water. Cook in boiling salted water until tender, then drain. Place one half of the beans in a buttered baking dish, add a layer of the hard-cooked eggs cut in slices, then a layer of parsley, onion and grated cheese. Cover with white sauce and repeat the layers, having the grated cheese on top. Bake in a moderate oven—350 deg. Fahr.—for about forty minutes, or until browned. To make the sauce, use four tablespoonfuls of butter, four tablespoonfuls of flour and one pint of milk. Five servings.

Oven-Cooked Fish Fillets

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

Cut the prepared fish into pieces of a suitable size for serving. Dip each piece into salted milk (one-half tablespoonful of salt to one-half cupful of whole or undiluted evaporated milk), toss into a pan of sifted dry bread crumbs, coat thoroughly and place in a well-oiled baking pan. Sprinkle liberally with cooking oil and place in a very hot oven—500 deg. Fahr. Bake until the fish is tender and the crumbs nicely browned—about ten minutes.

Cheese Onion Souffle

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 3 Tablespoonfuls of butter
- 3 Tablespoonfuls of flour
- 1/2 Teaspoonful of salt
- 3/4 Cupful of milk
- 4 Egg yolks
- 1 Cupful of grated cheese
- 1 Teaspoonful of minced onion
- 1 Teaspoonful of finely chopped parsley
- 4 Egg whites

Melt the butter, add the flour and seasoning and blend. Gradually add the milk, stirring constantly until thick and smooth, then add the beaten egg yolks, and cook over low heat for two minutes. Add the cheese and, when melted, add the prepared onion and parsley. Fold in the egg whites which have been beaten until stiff but not dry. Turn into a greased casserole, set in a pan of hot water and bake in a moderate oven—325 deg. Fahr.—for 30 to 35 minutes. Serve at once. Serves four.

"Thanks to
DIAMOND
DYES
I can wear it
another year"



"It's lovely
Ann! I can
hardly
believe it's
your old
dress"

THOUSANDS of smart patriotic women are making their old clothes wearable for another year through the magic of Diamond Dyes! Rich, sparkling Diamond colours make old material look like new. You can either tint or dye with Diamond, and the white envelope colours any material—cotton, linen, rayon, silk, wool or any mixture.

- ◆ Make material look new.
- ◆ Fast, fadeless colours.
- ◆ Wide selection of colours.
- ◆ Easily followed directions.

DIAMOND DYES

MADE IN CANADA



VITAMIN B discussed at KNITTING BEE

● "At our meetings, we women usually talk of up-to-the-minute subjects such as nutrition, and its effects upon the health, happiness and work of our respective families.

We all agree on the importance of the Vitamin B complex to a feeling of good health and well-being all the time! Good Doctors say, too, that the average meal lacks sufficient Vitamin B to give the required daily amount to the system. Fortunately, we've found an answer to this problem of Vitamin B deficiency—it's "TONIK" Wheat Germ!

● This concentrated wheat germ is the simplest and tastiest way to take the vital Vitamin B complex, known as the "Morale" vitamin. By taking as the "TONIK" Wheat Germ you are getting your Vitamin B, the vitamin that puts 'pep into your step'—gives you greater stamina, better digestion and a general, wide awake, alive feeling! Be sure to take "TONIK" Wheat Germ—it costs so little... does so much for you and all the family!

43-2M

Cheese And Pea Fondue

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 6 Slices of white bread
- 1/4 Pound of thinly sliced cheese
- 2 Cupfuls of milk
- 1 Tablespoonful of butter
- 3 Eggs, separated
- 3/4 Teaspoonful of salt
- 1/2 Teaspoonful of prepared mustard
- 1 Tablespoonful of minced onion
- 1/8 Teaspoonful of paprika
- 1/8 Teaspoonful of pepper
- 2 Cupfuls of drained canned peas

Arrange the bread from which the crusts have been removed in a greased baking dish. Cover with the thinly sliced cheese. Scald the milk, add the butter and cool to lukewarm. Add to the slightly beaten egg yolks, with all the remaining ingredients except the egg whites. Beat the whites until stiff, then fold them into the yolk mixture. Pour over the bread and cheese. Bake in a moderate oven—350 deg. Fahr.—for forty-five minutes or until set. Six servings.

Bean Roast

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 2 Cupfuls of cooked kidney or navy beans
- 2 Cupfuls of grated cheese
- 1/4 Cupful of finely diced celery
- 1 Teaspoonful of chopped parsley
- 1 Egg, slightly beaten
- 2 Cupfuls of soft stale bread crumbs
- 2 Teaspoonfuls of butter
- Salt and pepper

Drain, then mash the cooked beans and add to the cheese along with the celery and parsley. Add the egg and mix thoroughly. Melt the butter in a saucepan, add the bread crumbs, mixing well, and cook until slightly browned. Combine the crumbs with the bean mixture until thick enough to shape into a loaf. Roll the loaf in the remaining

◆ Continued on next page

Let's Hoard These!

Add a War Savings Stamp to each of your grocery orders this month... In February Canada's grocers... butchers... bakers... milkmen—40,000 strong—have enlisted to sell food for Victory as well as food for our tables. So get behind the man behind the counter who has taken on this special job to raise one million dollars to help win the war. Looks like a lot of money but if we know Canadian housekeepers they'll put the drive over the top. With four stamps a week, Chatelaine housekeepers alone could do it. And remember, every Stamp and Certificate means an added stake in the future. So hang on to them!

Housekeeping After Hours

By Helen G. Campbell

Director, Chatelaine Institute



MANY OF TODAY'S smartest young business girls are making careers of their jobs from nine to five and a career of housekeeping in their off hours. Lots of them live alone—and love their independence. Or they share an apartment with another girl, halving the cost and dividing the work between them. Some of them look after their husbands too, or they're keeping the home fires burning and the war savings growing while the boys are off to war.

Many older women who have gone back to their jobs, after years of housekeeping, are settled comfortably into a tiny bachelor suite and an all-in-one living room with a handkerchief-sized kitchenette.

The problem is much the same for each—how to prepare good meals for one or two people without waste or monotony and within the limitations of her time and space. But it can be done—and it is—by those who map out a plan to meet the special needs of a small menage and a work-a-day program.

These are some of the things to consider—the budget, the food value of the day's meals, what's available at this particular time and sea-

son, use of leftovers, facilities for storing supplies, as well as pots and pans, and your kind of cooking equipment, which may be anything from a two-burner hot plate to an efficient but small-scale range.

Whatever you do, don't put up with makeshift meals or get in the habit of eating any old time and way. It's bad for morale and efficiency; now that you have your foot on a rung of the ladder, and are on your way up, you need the right food—and enough of it—for climbing higher.

On the opposite page there's a list of simple, inexpensive foods to help you plan your day's nutrition program. They bring into your menu the "protective" foods and buck you up with the health and energy you need in your job.

On this basis you can make any number of appetizing combinations, but you'll do a better job by planning in advance, not only for one meal, but for a whole day. Or, better still, for two or three at once. More economical too, for you can shop to better advantage and save yourself many a last-minute scramble when menus are settled beforehand. Write them down, juggling them around till you get them to your liking from the standpoint of taste, time and facilities for preparation. Then you have a good start for your day's work—and a happy ending to it.

8 A.M.—Don't, I beg of you, rush out in the morning without a decent breakfast—and don't think that a slice of toast and a cup of coffee makes one. Get up in time to squeeze your orange or pour a full glass from a can of tomato juice, to eat a bowl of cereal with milk, an egg or some other dish of "staying" power, a slice or two of toast to round out the meal, and a cup of coffee or cocoa to wash it down. Then you're all



Choose a nice clean restaurant which serves good food for what you want to pay. If you're going to have a good dinner, lunch can be a fairly light meal, but it should be as well balanced as any other.

Flour is plentiful

SERVE HOT BISCUITS



MAGIC MENU-OF-THE-MOMENT

Kidney Stew
Parsley Potatoes
Spinach
Canned Peaches
Hot Biscuits

Serves: 6

Estimated Cost: \$1.31

Magic Tea Biscuits

3 ways to make them—All Delicious

TEA BISCUITS

2 cups flour
4 tsp. Magic Baking Powder
1/2 tsp. salt
1 tbsp. butter
1 tbsp. lard
3/4 cup cold milk, or half milk and half water

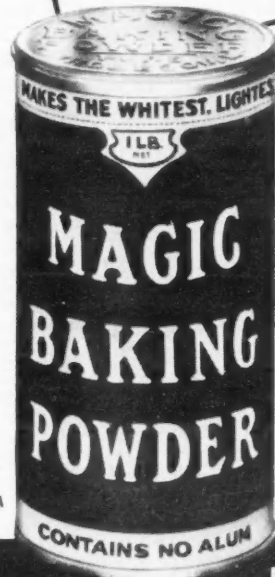
Sift flour, baking powder and salt. Cut in the chilled shortening. Now add the chilled liquid to make soft dough. Toss dough on to a floured board and do not handle more than is necessary. Pat out with the hand or roll out lightly. Cut out with a floured biscuit cutter. Bake on a greased sheet in a hot oven, 450° F., 12 to 15 minutes.

CHEESE BISCUITS

Use "Basic Recipe" adding 1/4 cup of grated cheese to dry ingredients. Proceed as for Tea Biscuits.

GRAHAM BISCUITS

Substitute in the basic recipe in place of 2 cups flour, 1 cup Graham Flour and 1 cup White Flour. Add 2 tablespoons Brown Sugar.



MADE IN CANADA

FLUFFY, melt-in-the-mouth Magic Tea Biscuits! Served piping hot, they practically make the meal! They fit into Menus-of-the-Moment . . . use ingredients that aren't hard to get.

Make *all* your biscuits, cakes and baked dishes with Magic . . . it's so pure, wholesome and dependable that it's a real insurance against baking failures. It protects precious ingredients . . . helps cut down food waste! And it costs less than 1¢ per average baking! Leading Cookery Experts recommend Magic—get some today!

FAVORITE OF 3 GENERATIONS



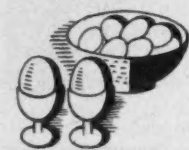
3 glasses of milk.
Pasteurized
whole milk, skim-
med or canned
evaporated.



1 serving of po-
tatoes and 2
servings of
green-leaf or
yellow vege-
tables.



1 serving of to-
matoes or citrus
fruit or 1 serving
of tomato or
citrus fruit juice.



1 egg or an egg
at least three or
four times a
week.



1 serving of
meat, fish, or
meat substitute,
such as cheese.



4-6 slices of
whole wheat or
Canada Ap-
proved bread,
with butter. 1
serving of cereal.

MEALS of the MONTH

FOR FEBRUARY

Make these Foods for Fitness the
basis of your daily menu plans.

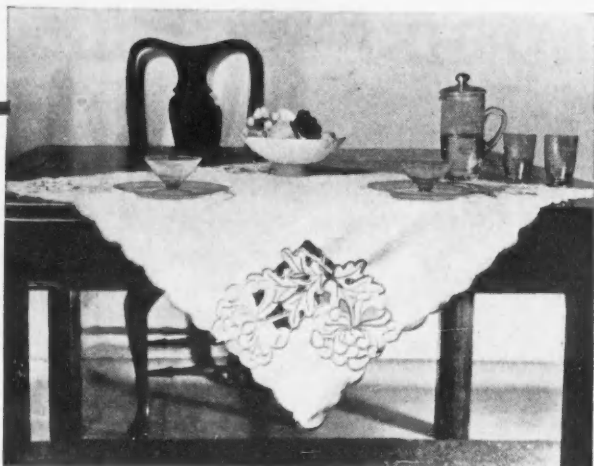
BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON or SUPPER	DINNER	BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON or SUPPER	DINNER
1. Sliced Oranges Cereal Honey Scones Café au Lait	Poached Eggs on Toast with Cheese Sauce Celery Apple Sauce Bran Muffins Tea Cocoa	Baked Stuffed Heart Browned Potatoes Turnips Cottage Cheese with Canned Cherries Graham Wafers Tea Cocoa	15. Orange Halves Cereal Jam Toast Coffee Tea	Clear Tomato Soup Devilled Pilchards on Toast Shredded Lettuce Salad Canned Cherries Tea Cocoa	Sausage Cakes Baked Potatoes Buttered Onions Apple Betty Brown Sugar Sauce Coffee Tea
2. Grapefruit Cereal Soft-cooked Eggs Toast Coffee Jelly Tea	Bean Soup Biscuits Lettuce with Dressing Canned Berries Tea Cocoa	Dressed Spareribs Apple Sauce Mashed Potatoes Cabbage Gingerbread Cup Cakes Custard Sauce Coffee Tea	16. Half Grapefruit Broiled Liver Toast Coffee Jelly Tea	Poached Eggs and Polenta Lettuce French Dressing Apple and Raisin Salad Café au Lait	Lamb Stew Dumplings Green Beans Creamed Celery Baked Custard Coffee Tea
3. Tomato Juice Cereal Honey Muffins Coffee or Coffee Substitute	Cheese Pudding Celery Brown Bread Orange Apple and Grape Salad Tea Cocoa	Shoulder of Lamb Baked Potatoes Buttered Carrots Steamed Fruit Roly-poly with Cream Coffee Tea	17. Tomato Juice Cereal Marmalade Toast Coffee Tea	Chicken Noodle Soup Cabbage and Parsley Salad Hot Biscuits Syrup Tea Cocoa	Fish Casserole with Cheese Pinwheels Scalloped Tomatoes Baked Apple with Mincemeat Coffee Tea
4. Prunes with Lemon Cereal French Toast Syrup Coffee Tea	Sausages Baked Potatoes Coleslaw Gingerbread Custard Tea Cocoa	Tomato Cocktail Cold Roast Lamb Potato au Gratin Peas Apple Pie Tea	18. Cereal with Canned Fruit Bran Muffins Jam Coffee Tea	Welsh Rarebit on Toast Apple Compote Plain Cake Tea Cocoa	Dressed Pork Tenderloin Baked Sweet Potatoes Boiled Cabbage Vanilla Rennet Custard Gingersnaps Coffee Tea
5. Apple Sauce Cereal Marmalade Toast Coffee Tea	Cranberry Juice Cheese-onion Soufflé Hot Biscuits Jam Turnovers Tea Cocoa	Oven-cooked Fish Fillets Savory Tomato Sauce Parsley Potatoes Brussels Sprouts Half Grapefruit with Prunes Coffee Tea	19. Orange Juice Cereal Jelly Toast Coffee or Coffee Substitute	Split Pea Chowder Canned Pilchard on Lettuce with Lemon Mincemeat Muffins Tea Cocoa	Tomato Cocktail Spinach Ring with Chopped Eggs in Cheese Sauce Potato Cakes Harvard Beets Steamed Fruit Pudding Toffee Sauce Coffee Tea
6. Tomato Juice Cereal with Added Wheat Germ Toast Coffee Tea	Fish Shortcake Shredded Raw Vegetable Salad French Dressing Apple Sauce Cookies Tea Cocoa	Boiled Tongue with Mustard Sauce Mashed Turnips Potato Almond Blancmange with Peaches Coffee Tea	20. Stewed Prunes with Lemon Scrambled Eggs Toast Coffee Jam Tea	Sliced Fresh Bologna Mustard Scalloped Potatoes Canned Peas Spice Cake Tea Cocoa	Stewed Chicken with Dumplings Peas Turnips Fruit Cup Coffee Tea
7. (Sunday) Orange Halves Cereal Scrambled Eggs Toast Coffee Jelly Tea	Potato Soup with Cheese Crackers Fresh Green Salad Ice Cream Mocha Chocolate	Roast Stuffed Chicken Mashed Potatoes Glazed Parsnips Fruit Cup Chocolate Cake Coffee Tea	21. (Sunday) Diced Orange and Grapefruit Cereal Grilled Smoked Fish Toast Coffee Marmalade Tea	Green Peas with Cheese Sauce on Toast Celery Curls Jellied Prunes (from Saturday) Cake Mocha Chocolate	Chicken Noodle Soup Stuffed Spare-ribs Baked Potatoes Creamed Onions Ice Cream Coffee Tea
8. Orange Juice Cereal Jam Toast Coffee Tea	Individual Chicken and Celery Shortcake Mixed Pickles Baked Apples Tea Cocoa	Bean Roast Baked Potatoes Scalloped Tomatoes Spanish Cream Cake Coffee Tea	22. Tomato Juice Cereal Jam Rolls Coffee Tea	Asparagus Soup with Sliced Wieners Potato and Celery Salad Apple Sauce Tea Cocoa	Curried Kidneys Steamed Rice Buttered Carrots Johnny Cake Syrup Coffee Tea
9. Grapes Cereal with Molasses Fresh Scones Marmalade Coffee or Coffee Substitute	Macaroni and Cheese Crusty Brown Rolls Fresh Fruit Cup Small Cakes Tea Cocoa	Rolled Shoulder of Lamb Mint Jelly Boiled Potatoes Mashed Turnips Apple Dumpling Coffee Tea	23. Grapefruit Cereal Jelly Toast Coffee Tea	Bean and Egg Casserole Tomato Catsup Brown Rolls Fruit Trifle Fruit Punch	Hot Baked Cottage Roll Mashed Potatoes Celery and Green Beans Peach Shortcake Coffee Tea
10. Baked Apple Cereal Soft-cooked Eggs Toast Coffee Tea	Mock Sausages Tomato Sauce Coleslaw Canned Peaches Jelly Roll Tea Cocoa	Vegetable Soup Cold Sliced Lamb Baked Potatoes Corn Bread Pudding with Raisins Coffee Tea	24. Orange Halves French Toast Syrup Tea	Scrambled Eggs on Toast Lettuce Salad Boiled Rice with Peach Sauce Tea Cocoa	Cream of Pea Soup Cold Sliced Cottage Roll Browned Potato Cakes Buttered Parsnips Mince Pie Coffee Tea
11. Tomato Juice Cereal Grilled Sausages Toast Coffee Jam Tea	Individual Meat Pies Brown Gravy Apple and Celery Salad Buttered Orange Bread Tea Cocoa	Liver and Onions Creamed Potatoes Buttered Beets Cranberry Shortcake Coffee Tea	25. Apple Sauce Cereal Marmalade Muffins Hot Chocolate	Savory Spaghetti with Diced Cottage Roll Coleslaw Jam Turnovers Tea Cocoa	Tomato Juice Grilled Wing Steaks Cream Potatoes Corn Molded Chocolate Pudding Coffee Tea
12. Stewed Prunes with Lemon French Toast Syrup Café au Lait	Creamed Eggs on Toast with Chopped Parsley Bran Muffins Honey Tea Cocoa	Breaded Fish Steaks Tartare Sauce Boiled Potatoes Peas Diced Oranges, Grapes and Apples Coffee Tea	26. Lemon and Orange Juice Cereal Soft-cooked Eggs Poached Eggs Toast Coffee Tea	Fish Chowder Celery Salad Sliced Egg Garmish Baked Apple and Cream Cookies Tea Cocoa	Cheese Pudding Parsley Potatoes Green Beans Cherry Upside-Down Cake Coffee Tea
13. Apples Cereal Toasted Muffins (from Friday) Jelly Tea	Cream of Potato Soup Biscuits Cheese Sandwiches Prunes (from Friday) Oatmeal Cookies Tea Cocoa	Tomato Cocktail Cheese and Onion Soufflé Carrot and Cabbage Slaw Chocolate Mint Blancmange Coffee Tea	27. Half Grapefruit Cereal Jam Toast Coffee Tea	Sausages Chili Sauce Creamed Potatoes Canned Apricots Tea Cocoa	Chicken Pie with Biscuit Crust Spinach Rice Custard Coffee or Coffee Substitute
14. (Sunday) Cranberry Juice Eggs Toast Coffee Conserve Tea	Mushroom Soup Assorted Cold Meats Pickles Relish Potato Salad Maple Blancmange Fruit Punch	Chicken Fricassee Scalloped Potatoes Buttered Carrots Hot Mince Pie Coffee Tea	28. (Sunday) Chilled Tomato Juice Soft-cooked Eggs Waffles Marmalade Coffee Tea	Codfish Cakes Egg and Onion Sauce Fruit Salad Cherry Bran Bread Tea Cocoa	Roast Duck Orange Garnish Mashed Potatoes Cauliflower Ice Cream Butterscotch Sauce Coffee Tea

Bean Sausages — cooked beans, mashed, seasoned and formed into small sausage-shaped rolls. Pan-fried.

Chicken Fricassee — Use a "boiling fowl," cut in pieces for serving, and cook

covered, in a little water. Serve with thickened, well-seasoned gravy.

Cheese Pudding — Savory bread custard with addition of grated cheese.



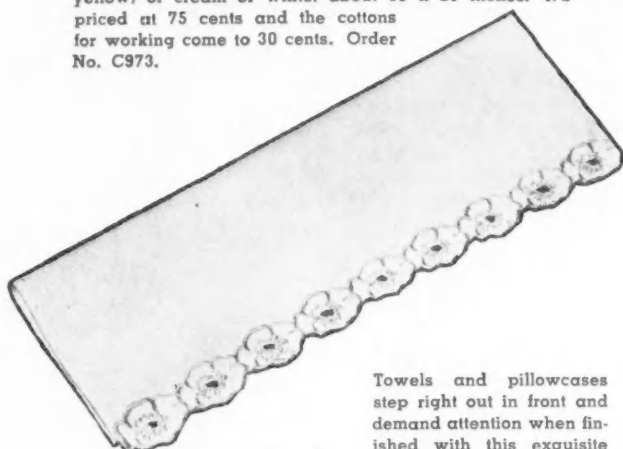
Chrysanthemums for the luncheon table. This is something quite striking and different in cutwork, and can be made with surprisingly little work. The 36-inch cloth with 4 serviettes may be ordered in either white or cream cutwork linen, at \$2.25, but the 45-inch set can be supplied in cream linen only—at \$3.00. Average amount of cotton used — 50 cents worth. Please state color desired. Order No. C971.

Needlecraft

Order from Marie Le Cerf, Chatelaine, 481 University Ave., Toronto, enclosing postal note or money order. If sending cheque, add 15 cents for bank exchange. All prices include regular postage. Special postage must be added.



Bowls of garden flowers — to be worked in natural colors — form the pattern of this colorful table centre. It is stamped on heavy Irish linen in pastel green or yellow, or cream or white, about 18 x 25 inches. It's priced at 75 cents and the cottons for working come to 30 cents. Order No. C973.



Towels and pillowcases step right out in front and demand attention when finished with this exquisite wild rose border. The work may be in white or any color desired — please specify. Towels are stamped on finest white Irish linen huckaback, 18 x 30 inches, at \$1.35 per pair; pillowcases are of fine white circular cotton, about 36 x 42 inches—\$1.35 per pair. Cottons for working either pair, 27 cents. Order No. C972.

CHATELAINE INSTITUTE

Brings New Charm to Your Home

New Taste Thrills to Your Table

FIVE CHATELAINE SERVICE BULLETINS



FAVORITE CAKES AND FILLINGS

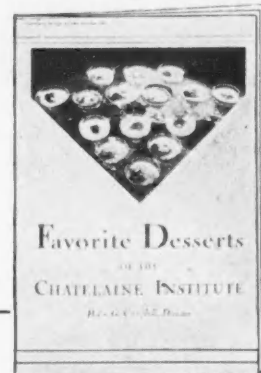
Price 15 Cents—No. 2205

Over sixty recipes tried and proven by the Chatelaine Institute—for everything that goes to make a delectable cake—the cake itself, the filling, the icing. Invaluable if your family's fondness for cakes puts you on the spot in providing variety.

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THIRTY-FOUR PIES

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The making of good pastry is a house-wifely art which any woman may master if she is willing to pay the price of strict adherence to a few rules. Little enough, you'll agree, for the royal road to a man's heart! Read the rules in Chatelaine's bulletin and apply them in more than thirty delicious recipes.



HOW TO GIVE SUCCESSFUL PARTIES

Price 15 Cents—No. 102

Good talk and good food are the two things you need to make everybody glad they came to your house, says the Director of the Chatelaine Institute in this very useful Bulletin. Why not a dinner in the Russian manner for your next party? Here you will find all sorts of suggestions for Mexican, Southern, Chinese and Russian style menus and can learn how to add the foreign touch to your cooking, giving your party guests a pleasant surprise.



28 COOKIE RECIPES

Price 10 Cents—No. 2,200

They make your mouth water just to read their names — Filbert macaroons — Butterscotch fingers — Orange circles — Corn-flake date cookies — and many others. Each one selected by the Institute as something very special—a pleasure to make, and a joy to eat!

Order These Really Helpful Service Bulletins by Number From
CHATELAINE SERVICE BULLETINS

481 UNIVERSITY AVENUE, TORONTO



Does International Silver's lovely St. James pattern grace your table? To enjoy and preserve its lustrous sheen and to win the spontaneous admiration of your guests, the makers recommend that you polish it with Silvo. It is gentle, safe and wonderfully effective.



OF INTEREST TO YOU! NEW CHATELAINE SERVICE BULLETINS



CORRECTING YOUR FAULTY PROPORTIONS

... are you too SHORT? Too TALL? Too FAT? Too THIN? This valuable bulletin will give you helpful suggestions as to the right type of clothes you should wear to correct each of these problems. What are the best fabrics for you? The most becoming colors? The best Lines?

Chatelaine Service Bulletin No. 20 ...

Price 10 Cents.

Order by Number

Chatelaine Service Bulletins

481 University Avenue, Toronto

set for a good morning's work, no matter what it brings. There won't be any of that slow-up around eleven which might make the boss wonder if you're quite as smart as he thought you were.

Noon—Time off for lunch—and now the important business of choosing it. Pick yourself a nice clean restaurant which serves good food for what you want to pay. If you're going to have a good dinner tonight, lunch can be a fairly light meal, but it should be as well balanced as any other, with one hearty dish of meat, fish, egg, cheese or beans, a vegetable or fruit and milk to drink, or used in the make-up of soup or dessert. Learn to judge the dishes with the best nutritive value for the money; you're running on a budget and that's just good business.

If you carry a lunch from home to save time for a re-set or a manicure, see that it's a well-planned one with enough substance to keep you going strong until quitting time.

Six Thirty P.M.—Dinner-time and you're on your own again. You fly home from the office, hop into an apron, whisk the "makings" from refrigerator to range and get the meal on its way, according to your prearranged plan. Probably you started it the night before, so salad greens are crisped and waiting to be cut up, dessert may be chilled, a sauce ready for reheating and other dishes lacking only last-minute preparation.

These odds and ends done, you lay the cloth and set the table—and dinner is ready almost before you know it. But even if you have to wait awhile, the evening is still very young, and now is a good time to skim through the evening paper; anyway, a good dinner is worth waiting for.

Hints to help you.

Stick to simple menus which you can manage in a small space within limited time.

Concentrate on cuts of meat, vegetables and other dishes which cook in comparatively short time. Except on Sundays and holidays when you can give them more attention.

Ready-to-serve, or partially prepare products play a big part in your life and provide many a short-cut to a delicious meal.

It's just simple arithmetic to cut large recipes into halves, thirds or quarters and, in most cases, results will be equally good. But don't forget to divide each ingredient to keep proportions right.

Another tip: When you have the recipe figured out for an individual serving, jot down the revised figures in the margin, so you won't have to do the sum each time.

If a recipe calls for one egg, either use a whole small one, or break, beat and measure by spoonfuls. Save the rest to use later.

Certain dishes can be made from the full recipe and used in different ways—pastry or cookie dough, salad dressing, pudding sauces and so on. Many dishes will keep well and are good to have on hand.

The same recipe often serves for different products—with some slight variation in the cooking. For instance: part of your cake batter may appear in cottage pudding, cup cakes, a loaf or layer cake and later a trifle. Baking powder biscuit dough may be turned into shortcake, a rolipoly, or plain tea

Girls who live by the clock can't SUFFER by the CALENDAR!



IF THE DAYS you used to give grudgingly to functional periodic pain and depression are now too precious to waste, try Midol. Unless you have some organic disorder calling for special care, these tablets should quickly prove your former sacrifices needless!

But don't regard Midol as just another means of relief for "dreaded days headache." Its comfort goes farther. One ingredient relieves that familiar muscular distress, another *prolongs* the comfort you enjoy, while a third ingredient offsets that miserable feeling of depression. Midol is free from opiates; you can use it confidently. Any drugstore—or send name and address to *Helen Crosby*, General Drug Company, Dept. 213, Windsor, Ontario, for free trial box, mailed prepaid.

MIDOL

MADE IN CANADA

RELIEVES FUNCTIONAL PERIODIC PAIN

Does It Matter What You Eat?

YESSIR! To stay on the job and do a good day's work, Canada's vast army of workers—men and women—must be well fed.

Nutrition is a national problem which you can help to solve in your own kitchen. Here's an important guidebook for every worker's household across this country:

Chatelaine's New Service Bulletin.
No. 2207.

Workers Must Eat

- Sixteen pages of practical information on food for fitness.
- Eighty lunchbox menus—for every season of the year.
- Planning the Three Squares.
- Canada's Official Food Rules.

15 cents per individual copy.

10 cents each for orders of five or more.

7½ cents each for orders of 100 or more.

5 cents each for orders of 1,000 or more.

Mail your order today to

CHATELAINE

481 UNIVERSITY AVE., TORONTO

biscuits. Pastry can be divided into different parts and used for pies, tarts, cheese straws, top crust for meat pies and patty shells. And different flavorings, spices and additions can give variety to the cookie dough.

Plan not to have too many leftovers, but use up what there is promptly.

As often as you can, prepare part of the meal ahead of time.

Shop once a week for staples, but buy perishable food, such as salad greens, every two or three days.

Wash bowls and other utensils "as you go." Put equipment and foods away too, as soon as you are finished with them. Leaves your working surface clearer and prevents a great accumulation in the sink.

Have "company" in when you feel like it, but plan the meal ahead and attempt only what you can accomplish well, in the time and space you have.

If you want to invite more than you can get round your table, serve the meal buffet fashion.

Prevents bobbing up from the table if you serve your tomato juice cocktail in the living room before dinner. Then arrange the main course on the dinner plates, just before you sit down. Saves space on the table—and dish washing.

TWO MENUS

Menu One—

- Tomato Cocktail
- Oven-cooked Haddock Fillets
(recipe page 48)
- with Hot Mayonnaise and Parsley
Garnish
- Potatoes (boiled in their jackets)
- Salad of Chopped Greens
- Hot Biscuits
- Maraschino Oranges
(Sliced oranges cooked in a little
sugar and water and flavored
with maraschino cherry juice.
Serve well chilled.)

Advance preparation (the night before): Wash salad greens and put, covered, in the refrigerator to crisp. Wash and scrub the potatoes and keep covered in the refrigerator. Make the dessert.

Before the dinner:

Put the potatoes to cook in boiling water.

Preheat the oven.

Cut up greens for salad

Dip the fish and put to cook.

Mix the biscuits. (When the fish comes out of the oven, lower the heat and slip them in.)

Menu Two—

- Poached Eggs and Polenta
(recipe, page 49)
- Tomato Soup Sauce
- Parisian Peas
(add diced onion to the peas)
- Celery and Carrot Sticks
- Pears with Chocolate Sauce
(dissolve sweet chocolate in pear
juice and pour over fruit)
- Cookies or Fancy Biscuits

Advance preparation: Make the cornmeal mush and spread in a flat pan. Clean the celery and carrots and store (whole) in the refrigerator. If you like, grate the cheese and keep in a small, covered jar. If desired, make the chocolate syrup.

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War Savings Stamps
Weekly

MOTHERS Don't let frequent COLDS

Endanger your
children



NEW FASTER-PENETRATING RUB
Gives 3-way relief—clears the
head, loosens the cough, breaks
up croupy congestion overnight.

When your child gets a cold, get it under control faster with this different—better—more highly medicated rub, made by the makers of Buckley's Mixture. Just massage chest, back and throat with Buckley's White Rub. It's fast, soothing action clears the stuffed-up head; breaks up croupy congestion; loosens the hard cough; makes breathing easy; brings soothing comfort to raw, irritated throats. Buckley's White Rub must give relief in less time than any rub you have ever used or money back. Price 30c and 50c.

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"Buy a bright-colored balloon to tie at the foot of his cot . . ."

interests you can probably decide which of the two is the more likely.

At about nine months he usually starts pulling himself up to the standing position in his pen or by a chair. He is so pleased with this that he can think of nothing nicer than doing it over and over again. At a year he can usually walk if someone holds his hand, and six months later he is quite nimble on his feet. His vocabulary is growing—he may even be able to say ten different words, but he makes most of his wants known by pointing and making expressive noises. Once he is walking, he is ready for toys that he can either pull or push, such as dolls' carriages, little wagons, wheelbarrows with two wheels, wooden trains, and animals on wheels. A simple wagon can be made out of a small wooden box by screwing four casters into it. It can be pulled with a loop of cord or a wooden handle can be attached to the box by a piece of cowhide or shoelace. You can even put a joint in the handle with a second piece of cowhide. A pasteboard or light wooden box, even without any wheels, can be dragged about with a great deal of pleasure. Wooden trains made out of eight-inch sections of two by four boards are excellent. Each car has a hook at one end and a screw eye at the other. The engine can be made more realistic by means of smaller blocks screwed on top. Button molds or half spools make good wheels, but they aren't essential. All kinds of merchandise can be loaded on such a train. Unbreakable dolls' dishes, snow shovels, pails and brooms help the child to play pretend and develop his imagination as well as providing him with exercise.

We adults are so apt to choose toys that appeal to us as beautiful or clever, and we're apt also to forget that it's the child that we are shopping for and hoping to interest. Mechanical toys are poor because they are easily broken and provide practically nothing for the child to do. Sometimes the youngster uses a toy in quite an unusual way, but actually they are his toys so he should be



"He is ready for toys he can push or pull . . ."

HOW OLD ARE THEY?



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THE SAME AGE—
38 YEARS!

DON'T LET YOUR SKIN MAKE YOU
LOOK OLDER THAN YOU ARE . . .



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The very first time you use it you can tell it's different. Your skin feels cooler, tingling, stimulated! That's because Noxzema Cold Cream contains many special ingredients not found in other leading beauty creams. That's why it gives such different results. Not only quickly removes all makeup and dirt, but leaves the skin looking and feeling so much fresher. Get Noxzema Cold Cream at any beauty counter and try it today! 17¢, 29¢, 55¢ sizes.



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SOAP MADE FOR MY
BABY"

Baby's delicate skin needs the best soap you can buy! For over 75 years, Canada's mothers, doctors and nurses have specified Baby's Own Soap. It's made especially for babies, from the finest, purest and best materials obtainable.



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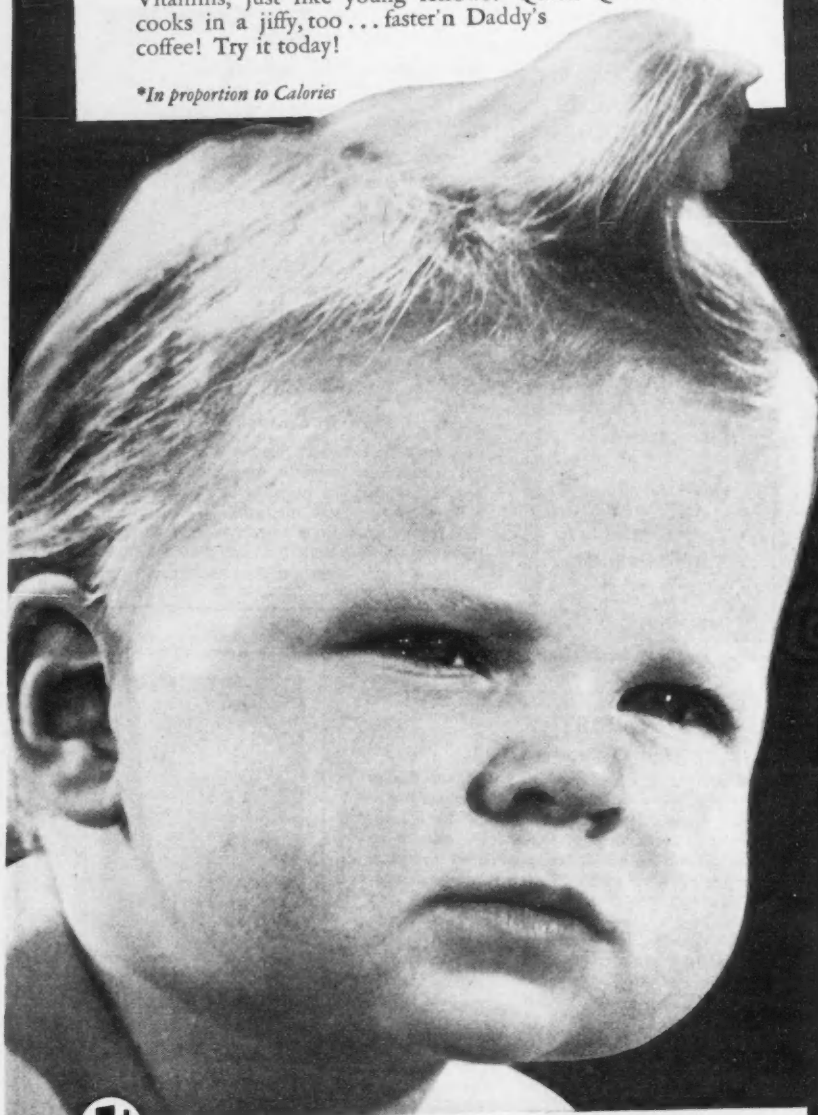
SOOTHING TO THE SKIN—CONTAINS LANOLINE

"I wanta get goin' on growin'!"

Is Quaker Oats a GOOD Food for Me?"

It sure is, chum! And, since you want facts, here's what science says! To grow normally and fill out, you *must* have these, among other important food elements: Proteins for muscles, Food-Energy, Minerals and B Vitamins. And listen to this! Rolled Oats actually leads many other whole-grain cereals in Proteins! It's "triple-rich" in precious Vitamin B₁! High in Food-Energy! It contains useful amounts of Phosphorus, too, for bones and teeth...and of the Iron that's needed for good, red blood! And is it ever delicious? M-m-m! Children simply love Quaker Oats! Grown-ups, too! And *they* need Proteins, Food-Energy, Minerals and Vitamins, just like young fellows! Quick Quaker Oats cooks in a jiffy, too...faster'n Daddy's coffee! Try it today!

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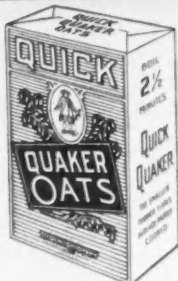
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Delicious! Whole-Grain
QUAKER OATS

Truly, Canada's Favourite Breakfast Food!



Contains 70 I.U. of Vitamin B₁ per ounce

CHILD HEALTH CLINIC

How Children Develop



By Elizabeth Chant Robertson, M.D.

"He should be taught to do all he can on his own."

IT IS MOST interesting to watch a child develop, especially if it is your own. Of course we parents have a great deal to do besides watching from the side lines. We have to coach them as well at the proper times, and all along we can help them develop by providing toys and games suited to their growing abilities.

Hundreds of scientists have studied thousands of normal babies and children, and we know pretty well how soon the average child should be able to do various things. These experts tell us that some babies are a good deal slower than others in learning certain accomplishments, but they nevertheless turn out to be perfectly normal youngsters. So don't be upset if your child is behindhand in learning some of these tricks. It is no use trying to force him to

fastened across his cot, so that he won't lose it. Tie it toward the right side of his cot to encourage him to use his right hand. When you lay him on his tummy now, he can raise his head up and keep it steady, and he apparently likes to do this.

AT SEVEN months he usually can sit up somewhat unsteadily, supporting himself with his hands. Rubber or soft cotton dolls of a size that he can grasp and wave about now will interest him. You can easily make stuffed cotton dolls and animals for him. All his toys should be washable because they all get well sucked. Ones with squeaks or bells are fine, provided the squeak or the bell can't come loose. At this stage he picks up his toys with his whole hand rather than his fingers. However, he is becoming more and more skilful at grasping objects.

By nine months he can sit up steadily, much to his own satisfaction. Now he is certainly ready for a play pen and it is best to get one that has a floor in it, as that raises it a little above the rather chilly floor of the room. Homemade play pens can be made even by amateur carpenters. It is wise to put a thick cotton rug or a small heavy blanket on the floor of the pen, but it should be sufficiently heavy so that it won't double up when he scrambles around on it. An old tin cup, a little saucepan, an old spoon, empty spools, small brightly colored blocks, clothespins and soft balls will help him to learn how to use his fingers and keep him happy. Good-sized scraps of various kinds of brightly colored materials, washed to take out the sizing and to make sure that the colors



"Play is a serious job for a child, and he works hard at it..."

learn before he is sufficiently advanced. If you try to teach him before he is ready, both you and he will be discouraged, and you'll just be making a lot of trouble for yourself.

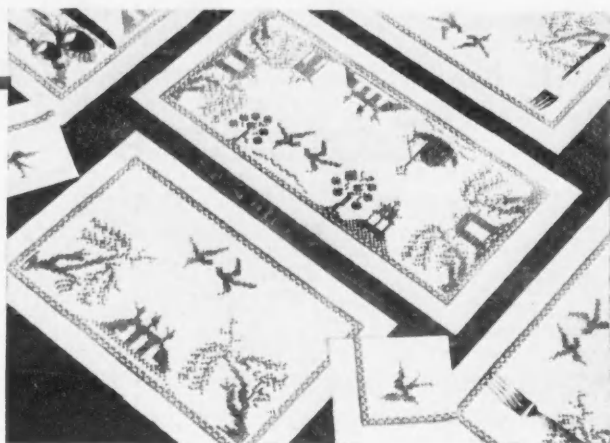
The one-month-old baby has a far-away look in his eyes. As yet he hasn't been able to sort out most of the interesting things that are happening around him. He will stop moving, though, when you smile and talk to him, but when he looks back at you, his expression is blank. At two months he registers some interest in you; at three months he pleases you by gooing and gurgling when you smile at him; and at four months he laughs back at you. Babies are all set to learn by sight, touch, sound, taste and smell, and they learn an enormous lot in their first two years.

When baby is about two months old, it is a good idea to buy a bright-colored balloon to tie at the foot of his cot. Soon he will amuse himself by watching it bobbing about. At about four months of age he spends a good deal of time playing with his own hands and batting himself with them, and he may even learn the fetching habit of pulling up his dress over his face. He can now hold a rattle, but when you get him one, be sure it is small enough for him to handle easily. The dumb-bell shaped ones are excellent. Before long he will learn how to rattle it. It is best to tie it to a string

"At about nine months he starts pulling himself up to standing position."



are fast, and large-colored buttons strung on a good thick cord will probably interest him as he grows older. His interests change, of course, as he develops. If he takes to a toy and plays with it, that's fine. If he doesn't, the toy may be either too simple or too advanced for him. From his other



To Make and Use

That old favorite, the willow pattern, brings romance to the dining room. The work is in medium cross-stitch, in two shades of willow blue.

Stamped on finest Irish linen in cream or white, the place mats, 12 x 18 inches are 35 cents each; the centre mat, 12 x 22 inches, 45 cents, and 12 inch serviettes, 15 cents each. Cottons for working are 3 skeins for 10 cents, and 50 cents worth should work an average set. Order No. C970.

Rejuvenate that old dress or sweater with this colorful art felt collar set. It fits a V neckline too. The model is in yellow, worked in red, marine blue and green, but can also be supplied in black, seal brown, sand, red, pale or deep sky blue, gold or wine. Two extra motifs are sent for the little pockets. With neckband—50 cents. Cottons for working in green and two desired colors, 10 cents. Order No. C967.

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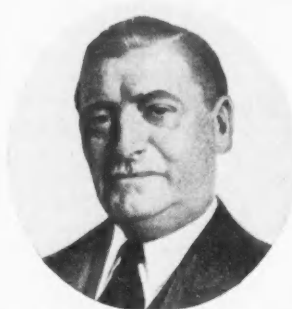


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Two Important Letters to the Canadian Public

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company is glad to publish these letters from two Federal Cabinet Ministers



The Hon. Ian A. Mackenzie,
M.A., LL.B., KC.
Minister of Pensions and National Health



Major-General
The Hon. L. R. LaFlèche, D.S.O.
Minister of National War Services

Fellow-Canadians:-

We are engaged in total all-out war. Victory requires the total effort of all our people. Thomas Carlyle once said: "Ill-health of body or mind is defeat. Health alone is victory."

Venereal disease is a cause of ill-health and lost time that can be controlled and prevented. In communities where vigorous effort has been put forth, there are concrete statistics to show that positive results have been and can be obtained. Sickness is waste. To win the war we must have strong, robust men in the armed forces, fit and healthy workers in the factory and on the farm. Time out on account of ill-health is a dead loss to our war effort.

To overcome venereal disease there must be individual effort and community effort. The responsibility of the individual is to live cleanly and to avoid the sources of infection. The responsibility of the community can be expressed in the following three ways:

1. Clean up local conditions where disease thrives.
2. Organize educational campaigns to teach our young people the facts about venereal disease, how to avoid it, and where to go for treatment.
3. Provide ample facilities for healthy recreation.

The war against venereal disease is a battlefield on which every Canadian community can fight. Join us in this battle for national fitness.

Ian A. Mackenzie

To the People of Canada:-

It is not alone a private but a public responsibility in the stress of war to see that no controllable factor lessens the national effort. The health of the individual in industrial as well as military life is of foremost importance. Venereal disease is accountable not only for lost time but for lessened virility even with the earliest detection and most modern treatment. Military conditions, while they may add to the liability of exposure, allow for good educational facilities, early diagnosis and immediate treatment. This in turn decreases the dangers of complications which result in permanent damage to the individual's health and lessened efficiency.

The concerted effort of a well directed educational program in war time would arouse the public to the danger and preventability of venereal disease and strengthen the arm of the health authorities in enforcing laws already on the statute books aimed to control the spread of this scourge.

L. R. LaFlèche

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

(A MUTUAL COMPANY)


NEW YORK

Frederick H. Ecker, CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD

Leroy A. Lincoln, PRESIDENT

CANADIAN HEAD OFFICE, OTTAWA

National Social Hygiene Day is being observed on Wednesday, February 3rd, 1943. The Health League of Canada headquarters, 111 Avenue Road, Toronto, Ont., will gladly send you literature and full particulars.


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Follow the advice of many modern baby specialists—give your young baby a complete oil bath every day. Daily applications of pure, bland Cuticura Antiseptic Baby Oil will not only keep your baby's skin soft and smooth—but actually help protect it against Diaper Rash, Chafing, Chapping, Dryness and Irritations.

Remember, you get world-known "Cuticura Quality" when you buy Cuticura Baby Oil. Only 60¢, at all druggists. Buy today!

CUTICURA
ANTISEPTIC BABY OIL

A valuable safeguard against
**CHAFING, CHAPPING
 and DIAPER RASH!**

at liberty to use them as he sees fit. Don't expect him to use blocks much for building until he is 4 years old at least. Toys that are strong, that have no sharp edges, and that he can do something with are the kind to get. As he grows older he will enjoy large blocks and peg boards, sturdy picture books, blunt scissors, colored paper, plasticene, paints (poster paints in small jars are especially good), good-sized paint brushes and big pieces of smooth wrapping paper on which to paint. If you get him an apron and spread newspaper on the floor, little harm can be done. Outside he will soon be ready for a swing, slide, teeter-totter and sandbox.

CHILDREN UNDER two aren't ready to play with other youngsters, but they shouldn't be with their mothers all the time. To encourage them to be self-reliant, they should be taught to play by themselves for at least an hour, both in the morning and the afternoon. A room of their own, where they are safe and free to play at will, is best. A play pen, especially if it is a large one, will serve until the child learns to climb out of it. If he can't have a whole room, he should have a corner somewhere that is his special property. Toward the end of the afternoon when he is beginning to tire, is a good time for some quiet happy play with his parents, his older brothers and sisters and any visitors who happen to drop in.

After the age of two, he needs playmates of his own age. It is worth while finding them, even though you have to mind your neighbors' youngsters as well as your own. Sometimes we see a preschool child who is behaving very badly and causing his mother a lot of grief. Usually he is under his mother's feet all day long. The chance to run off some of his surplus energy playing with other youngsters, plus more consistent and understanding training from his mother usually solves the problem. Simple equipment, such as small packing boxes and boards which can be used to play store or house help the child to develop his imagination. Boxes and boards don't look very tidy in the backyard, but what is a tidy yard compared to healthy happy children? After three years of age the child may be ready for nails, a hammer and a regular small saw. Toy saws are practically useless. All along the child should be taught to do all he can on his own, such as washing, dressing and feeding himself. Children who are waited on by their parents develop slowly and usually have a bad time of it in one way or another before they grow up.

You would be wise to read a whole book on the best kinds of play material for your child. Your public library will probably have a good one. If not, I would be glad to send you the titles of some. Parents as a rule are much more interested in their children's food and clothes than in their toys. Without thinking, they take it for granted that the child instinctively knows how to play and that this preschool period is a kind of carefree interval before the child starts really working at school. Actually play is a serious job for the child and he works hard at it. By providing proper toys and playmates you can help him to learn how to concentrate, how to be original, how to use his body skillfully and how to co-operate with others. +

"A School in Itself"

—E.S.C., Alberta



● The **COMPLETE SELF-EDUCATOR** is entirely new from start to finish. It provides in a unique way just the essential practical Education everyone wants—set out with a skilful simplicity and approached from a human angle that at last really makes Self-Education and Home Study something fresh, irresistible and enjoyable, almost like an exciting adventure!

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Whether it's a simple tid-bit for an informal party, a thrifty dish from some left-overs, a delectable cake, or a luscious roast, — you'll find them in gay and exciting variety in these new Cook-booklets. Thousands have been sold to Canadian housewives. Illustrated here is only one of the twenty in the series. Here is the complete list:

- No. 1—500 Snacks; Ideas for entertaining
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- No. 19—1000 Useful Household Facts
- No. 20—Menus For Every Day in the Year

Ask your newsdealer for the "Cookbooklets," 25c. each or send us the coupon below along with 25c. for each Cookbooklet that you want. Please order by number.

TRANS-CANADA NEWS CO.
210 Dundas Street West, Toronto, Ont.

Please send me, postpaid, at once, the following Cookbooklets, Nos.

I enclose in payment at 25c. each.

Name Address

Evie and the War Effort :: Continued from page 23

"I have a phone call to make," I said. "To Madeline?" she said, which was very bright of her.

"Madeline," I said over the phone. "this is a well-wisher of yours. Harvey Drummond has been desperately injured and is calling your name. Can you come at once to the estate of Mrs. Snelley?"

Madeline gasped, "Evie! Baby! I'll be right out!" And she sounded very happy in spite of hearing that Harvey was hurt.

"Well," I said to Mrs. Snelley as we sat in the parlor together, later, "that's that. She'll stop moping."

Mrs. Snelley smiled, "You're a lonely hearts club all by yourself, aren't you, Evie?"

"I don't like people being alone," I said, "even if there is a war. They ought to be closer together. They ought to offer their services even if no one asks for them."

Mrs. Snelley, "What's your Mr. Thomas and entourage like, Evie?"

"They're swell," I said, taking a guess at "entourage."

The day before Bill was to come home with his fiancée, Mrs. Snelley and I and Mr. Thomas decided to put our heads together to make them feel welcome.

"She's from a strange town," I said, "and besides, Bill has never been betrothed before."

Mrs. Snelley was bathing one of the babies, while Mrs. Thomas bathed the other, and she looked happy.

"That's true, we should do something. Are your parents still so busy, Evie?"

"Busier," I said. "Father is really worried about the hospital busting its walls."

Mrs. Snelley looked at me. "I wonder," she said, "how he would take a suggestion to use the right wing of this house for the less serious cases. Do you

think he might consider it? I know it's not regular, but..."

"Why don't you ask the hospital, Mrs. Snelley?" I said.

"I will," she said. "I don't see why it can't be done. And I'm beginning to like company."

"Now about Bill," I said, "does anyone have any ideas?"

Mr. Thomas blushed and looked at the wall. "I should be the last one to suggest this, but how about a blow-out of a party?"

"We'll have it here," said Mrs. Snelley with a gay air. "Why not? Let's have a blow-out party for Bill and his betrothed."

It was amazing, but even mother and father found time to come to that party. Almost everybody came.

Bill's girl was the prettiest I ever saw. I told Bill so.

"Is she?" said Bill. "All I know is she's got the makings of a crack newspaperwoman. She's smart as the devil. Evie," he paused, "I don't know how to mention this to mother, but I want Carol to stay at our house and help run my paper until I get back."

"Think nothing of it," I said. "Mrs. Snelley and I will arrange it. I will even help her with the correct spellings of names and places. You can go back to camp with an easy mind."

Bill said, "Baby, you've grown up, and I like it."

When Bill went back to camp, mother said, "Evie, you've been working very hard. You have a vacation coming to you. Suppose I take a few days off from my duties and take you up to the cabin."

"That's all very well for you," I said, "but, mother, I can't spare any time at all from my duties. Let's talk about it after the war."

Mother collapsed in an armchair and laughed her head off. +

So Many Prayers

By MONA GOULD

★

So many prayers ascend this night
Into the dark
In silent flight
To One who knows why this should be;

A LOT must go:
"It's not for me,
I want him back.
Safe . . . and alive . . . and as he went
Merry, and good, and so content
To try his manhood
In a test
That takes the strongest . . . and the best . . .

But . . . if he COULD be safe from hurt . . .
With lots to eat . . . enough to wear" . . .

So women pray on bended knees
For sons and lovers everywhere!

Have you seen CALDWELL'S New TOWEL BOOK?

If you would like to read a host of wrinkles that can help you work colour magic in your bathroom and kitchen, then write now for your free copy of the new "Towel Book". It will give you a lot of ideas . . . and, as well, will introduce you to many colours and designs in the new range of CALDWELL Golden Thread Bath and Dish Towels.

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Please send me your new "Towel Book."
Name _____
Address _____

Recipe for Bathroom Beauty

Just look over the brilliantly lovely range of CALDWELL Golden Thread Bath Towels and Towel-ling . . . and you'll see just the colour groupings you've been looking for to give new sparkle to your bathroom. And don't be afraid to ask the prices. These moisture-thirsty towels are amazingly low in price . . . and, by the way, they wash beautifully and last for ages.

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CALDWELL'S dish towels and towelling are just as colourfully lovely as the terry towels. You'll see them in stripes, all-over sparkling colours. And you'll like their almost blotting paper absorbency . . . as well as their modestly low prices.

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As the Editor Sees It

WE'VE BEEN looking up Noah Webster on the meaning of "career." It's the "course of a person's life, esp. in some particular pursuit." Or "notable or conspicuous progress or success in one's chosen calling." Or "a profession or other calling demanding special preparation and undertaken as a life work."

That suits us perfectly, because it backs up our theory that the business of living a woman's life in any field of activity today constitutes a "career." The special talents involved in keeping a household running smoothly and feeding the family give the housekeeper career ranking, and the manner in which a war wife manages her "course of life" during days of separation and anxiety determines her whole future career. Callie Dorley found that out, when she had to turn her back on the cabin which had been home for many years, and move into furnished rooms in Vancouver. Her responsibilities as Tim's wife and Mary's mother continued, she discovered, even though the locale had changed and the daily routine was different. Callie's story has a message for all Canadian war wives—and you'll find it on Page 10, under the title of "View Looking Up."

Evie is another person you'll enjoy meeting through our pages this month. Perhaps you'll be glad she isn't cluttering up your house, listening in on telephone calls, pestering grownups and manipulating cause and effect in a way that's really scandalous. But Evie has the qualities of leadership, and it's rather comforting to muse on the possibility of youngsters like her taking hold of the world's postwar

problems. Shake hands with Evie on Page 5.

We have some real people to introduce to you also. There's Elizabeth Ross on Page 16, who says it's no fun being 21 and having the prospect of fifty years of spinsterhood looming ahead. And you may take our word for it: if Elizabeth is on the shelf, as she believes, then the situation must be universally serious, for she's as pretty and bright-eyed and witty as any girl old enough to vote has a right to expect.

Adele White, *Chatelaine's* new Beauty Editor, is going to be a stimulating friend to all our readers. Her opening performance (See Pages 26-27) finds her getting in solid with two important groups—the girls fresh from school who are taking their first plunge in the world of business, and the older women who are going back... Mrs. White, for several years past a valued contributor to *Chatelaine's* pages, grew up and "came out" in Ottawa, and

later graduated from St. Hilda's College, Toronto. She has Maritime connections too, being a niece of Marshall Saunders Canadian author of the famous classic for children, "Beautiful Joe."



Dress and costume accessories
Courtesy The T. Eaton Co., Ltd.

Our Cover Girl

It all adds up! The Venetian blinds are closed, and the lights on—which means she's working after hours, like so many of us these days. But her auburn hair is still smooth and shining, and that gold rayon crepe dress is good for a supper date as well as for an office day. And you won't overlook the significance of the R.C.A.F. pin over her heart!

to a woman today. Translated into action, this means you're going to get more and still more practical help from them on streamlining Yourself to the new Victory Model Career Woman, 1943 minting.

Mary-Elle Macpherson

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Chatelaine

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WHAT?
You Haven't Tried The
**NEW IMPROVED
OLD DUTCH
CLEANSER?**

MY DEAR! IT
SIMPLY **DISSOLVES GREASE**
AND ENDS SCOURING -- YOU'RE
THROUGH **50% FASTER!**



HONESTLY, JOAN, THIS NEW OLD DUTCH IS SIMPLY A WONDER FOR SPEED. CUTS CLEANING TIME IN **HALF!**

THAT'S RIGHT! THEY'VE ADDED A NEW ELEMENT TO **DISSOLVE GREASE**. WAIT TILL YOU SEE HOW EVEN POTS AND PANS COME CLEAN IN SECONDS!



MOTHER, I'VE JUST DISCOVERED A **GREASE-DISSOLVING** CLEANSER. AND IF WHAT MARY HALE SAYS IS TRUE--OUR SCOURING DAYS ARE **OVER!**

WHY, JOAN, WHAT'S THE EXCITEMENT?



HEAVENLY DAY, CHILD! YOU DON'T MEAN ANY **CLEANSER** CAN CUT THROUGH GREASE LIKE THIS WITHOUT HARD SCOURING?

LET'S TRY IT AND **SEE!** MARY SAYS THE NEW ELEMENT DISSOLVES GREASE WHILE OLD DUTCH POLISHES--YOU DON'T SCOUR--AND YOU GET **DOUBLE-ACTION** CLEANING WITH **TWICE THE SPEED!**



JOAN, IT'S **TRUE!** THIS CAKED-ON GREASE WIPED OFF ALMOST LIKE DUST!

AND SEE HOW THIS SINK **SHINES** --I HARDLY RUBBED IT AND I CAN SCARCELY BELIEVE MY EYES!



BUT IF IT CLEANS SO **FAST**--AREN'T YOU AFRAID TO USE IT ON PORCELAIN LIKE THE BATHTUB?

THAT'S THE BEST PART OF ALL! IT'S **SAFE AS SAFE** BECAUSE IT DOESN'T DEPEND ON HARSH GRIT. SEE--THERE ISN'T A SIGN OF A SCRATCH!



I DECLARE! I'VE NEVER SEEN THIS BATHROOM LOOKING SO **BRIGHT!** WE'RE USING **OLD DUTCH** ALL OVER THE HOUSE FROM NOW ON!

AND DID YOU SEE HOW MUCH **FARTHER** IT GOES? EVERY TIME WE USE IT--WE'RE **SAVING MONEY**, BESIDES!

Cuts Cleaning Time In Half... Costs Only **HALF AS MUCH** to Use

"It's marvelous!"... "I never dreamed a *fast* cleanser could be so *safe*"... "Gives me a totally new idea of quick, easy, *safe* cleaning"—so write thousands of delighted women who have changed to the *new, improved* Old Dutch.

For this remarkable "new-type" cleanser contains a scientific *grease-dissolving* element, and combines *speed* and *safety* in a way no well-known cleanser has ever done before. When first you try it, you'll find it does these surprising things:—

(1) *Dissolves grease* almost like magic. You don't have to scour—you don't have to scrub. With *new, improved* Old Dutch even stubborn, clinging grease wipes off fairly like dust.

(2) *Cleans 50% faster!* Not only far faster than

less efficient cleansers, but actually 50% faster than the former Old Dutch—cuts cleaning time in half!

(3) Yet *new, improved* Old Dutch is safe as ever for porcelain, metal or painted surfaces. Contains no harsh grit to leave unsightly scratches. Its speed with *safety* is due to its unique combination of grease-dissolving agent and gentle, flaky seismotite.

And best of all—*new, improved* Old Dutch can save money, too. One cent's worth will do as much cleaning as up to 2 cents worth of less economical cleanser tested—costs only half as much to use!

So join the millions of women who clean this faster, easier, *safe* way. You'll be needing cleanser—ask for Old Dutch. See if it doesn't give you a new conception of faster cleaning—with *SAFETY*.



Chases Dirt

50% FASTER

50% EASIER

**OLD DUTCH
CLEANSER**
MADE WITH SEISMOTITE

DOESN'T SCRATCH
MADE WITH SEISMOTITE

MADE IN CANADA